

"My Mission in America" By BABA BHARATI

Volume II
No. 1

উগ্রভারতী:

JANUARY
1908.

East and West

The

LIGHT OF INDIA

The Magazine You Want To Read

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TO THE READER

THE DELAY in issuing the first Indian number of the LIGHT OF INDIA is owing to circumstances over which its staff had no control and is also due to the difficulty in fixing the head-quarters at some central place in India. Then it has taken a little time in establishing its own printing office which has turned out the present issue. We have endeavoured to keep up the style and finish of the American edition which is very hard to do in India and we hope our readers will appreciate it.

With this January number the second volume of the magazine begins, with increased number of pages. The next number will be out about the middle of February and the third (March number) will be out on the first of March, our own press having given us all facilities for quick printing. There will be more pages to a number, some months, than in this, but never less. We apologise for the delay, but the Baba, terribly hard-worked in America, needed rest and he deserves it.

The subscription price will be One Dollar and Fifty Cents for subscribers in America, in England 6s., but to our old subscribers who will subscribe within the month we will give a year's magazine at the old price, One Dollar, with twenty-five cents additional for postage.

The subscription price in India will be Rs. 4-8. Address all subscription and communications to the Manager, LIGHT OF INDIA PUBLISHING CO., 33-2, Nebootala Lane, Bowbazar, Calcutta, India.

This magazine is the only publication of its kind in existence. Its extraordinary uniqueness is in its quality and originality of reading matter. Its thoughts and sentiments, its expositions of spiritual, social, ethical and domestic truths are derived from the highest inspiration, the best evidence of which is that they have appealed to the mind, heart and soul of every reader of the issues now out, and this number cannot fail to make a deeper impression. Really illuminated writers of India, the East and America form the main staff of its contributors. The kind and degree of that illumination the perusal of this or any number of the magazine will show.

It is an all-round magazine, embracing and dealing with in its masterful way, subjects, affecting the deepest interest of all humanity—spiritual, social and domestic in especial. Although its articles, sketches and stories are essentially Oriental, they throw illuminating sidelights upon human life in the West. For the first time in the history of the world and Western literature, the real facts of the inner life of the East in general and India in particular, are being revealed to Western readers, which is the chief mission of THE LIGHT OF INDIA, which is the light of the entire East. Hence, it cannot fail to fascinatingly interest the general reader, while those who have real spiritual hunger will find more than enough in the contents of this issue the greatest treasures of their life, the surest guide for their soul's path to its goal.

THE STORY OF "JIM."

"Jim" by Baba Bharati is of such gripping interest that the reader's mind cannot rest until it has devoured the whole of it. The author handles the emotions of the heart as only a master can, and strikes the cord that vibrates through every soul. He traces the delicate working of the heart and uncovers it in all its intricacies to the pulse of the reader. He takes us with the wandering ascetic through the beauties of life in India and reveals the mysteries of her spiritual realm. "Jim" will develop more and more stirring situations of most absorbing interest in every succeeding instalment. "Jim" is a reply to Kipling's "Kim," and is a most fascinating romance handled by a master mind of the Orient—the first novel in English ever written by an Oriental.

COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Light of India one year and "Stories of India" by Rose Anthon, \$2.25; Rs. 6.

Light of India for one year and "Krishna" by Baba Bharati, \$3.00; Rs. 8.

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The Light of India

VOL. II.

JANUARY 1908

No. I.

TAKE US BY THE HAND, O MASTER!

Take us by the hand, O Master of all lands, and lead us to touch the harp of life. There teach us how to strike the notes in harmony with Thy great Will. Oh let us sound a chord as deep and true as is the hymn of morning stars, and sweet and pure as angels sing and bards of holy writ bring forth. Make us to hear Thy call in every word that issues from the heart of striving man. Yea, give us wisdom, too, to minister unto its need. And grant us, Lord, that we may see Thy soft command to love in every eye where unshed tears are held; for, lo, we know that in each soul that breathes and walks, that suffers and that strives Thou, too, art lodged therein; and when they come our way inspire our blind and erring eyes to know Thee when we see. Make our words Thine, Thine that are the same in every writ, Thine the same in every clime.

INDIA'S NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

I.

Hail Land of ancient name,
Bharat of holy fame,
Motherland mine!
Teach me to know thy worth,
O Land of sacred Birth,
Thou Soul of All the Earth,
My heart is thine!

II.

Land where the Sages walk,
Where Saints and Prophets talk,
Bless be thy clime!
The glory of thy past
Awakes to life at last,
In all the splendour vast
Of that bright time.

N. L. 1. 2. 12. 13.

III.

Where'er my feet may roam,
Thou art my well-loved home,
My country dear!
The magic of thy air
And all thy beauties rare
But haunt me everywhere,
Both far and near.

IV.

Bhārata's sons arise
And sing unto the skies
Fair India's praise.
Her ideals are not dead
For which her children bled,
She proudly rears her head
To greet new days.

V.

Then let her watchword be
That word of harmony,
Peace, blessed Peace!
Its potency shall sway
All that obstructs the way
To bring the perfect day,
When strife shall cease.

VI.

All men their God may bring,
All men their Creed may sing,
On thy broad Breast.
Thy gracious arms embrace
All that accept thy Grace,
Thou Mother of the Race,
Forever blest.

VII.

Nations arise and fall,
But thou dost stand through all,
Unchanged by time.
So shall it ever be,
Child of Eternity,
The Gods do favour thee
With grace sublime.

VIII.

The storm may beat thy brow,
But strong in faith art thou
The calm to see.
The heritage divine
To save the world is thine,
Through æons it shall shine
Man's light to be.

MY MISSION IN AMERICA*

BY BABA BHARATI.

BELoved ONES OF MY LORD:—The subject to-night is "My Mission in America." When I word it like that, I put it improperly, very. I do not put it rightly—for I have no mission in this life any more. By the grace of my Lord, my mission has been fulfilled. My mission in life is the mission in life of every human being. That mission is the mission of getting God-consciousness—God, the goal of all life. This God-consciousness I have received from my Lord, through His grace. All that I did to draw that grace to me was to clutch the lotus feet of that Lord with my mind. And my Lord could not but grant me the boon, having taken pity on me, pity on my helplessness in combating the enemies within me, for all my enemies are within me. All our enemies are within us. Taking pity on my helplessness, while I was combating with my enemies, which are all within me, my Heavenly Father, Ocean of Mercy, granted me the boon. It is out of benign grace to His lover, to His supplicator, to one who has seen the emptiness of the world, seen the drear dangers of the world—to him who turns to Him in helplessness and in humility born out of that helplessness—it is out of His benign grace that He vouchsafes this boon of all boons—love for Him. I do not love God as I should, I haven't that love which great saints have; but I am satisfied with a little of it, because that little is much for me—unworthy me.

Your Love of God Flows to Your Neighbor.

When I received that grace, that consciousness of my Lord—my mind having turned to my God in constant prayers and become absorbed in that thought of God-ecstasy—I wanted to give it to others. Did I want to give it to others because I thought that I was rich enough to give some away? No. God-consciousness and love born out of that God-consciousness is a treasure which you can never keep locked up within your bosom. The moment you receive that love out it flows from you to your neighbour. You want to share it with fellow men and women—with the whole world, if you could make them take it. Unlike the possession of any other treasure—such as material treasure which you want to put in a safe place, in an iron safe to guard it against all encroachments and then you want to pile up more and more, to be exclusively your own, for your own enjoyment—the moment you receive the treasure of the spiritual realm, the greatest treasure of the spiritual realm, God-love—which means human love, love for humanity as well—the moment you receive that treasure you feel like giving it away, giving it away to all, to whoever comes, or even to those that do not want it. You want to give it away, to share it with the world; you feel that it is an ecstasy which the world would be so poor without, and you give to every body without stint, give it to all to their fill. And the wonder of wonder is that you feel filled to overflowing the more you give. The more you give out of that love the more you get—the richer you are. So, when I received this grace, the Lord's grace, I began to seek to give it to others by talking to them of my Beloved and by speaking to them of the glories of His Name—by reveling in the ecstasy which that love awakened in me. And as I talked and sang I was yet further filled with ecstatic joyousness.

*Verbatim report of a lecture delivered extempore by Baba Bharati in the Krishna Temple 730 West Sixteenth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.—U. S. A.

Krishna's Flute Strains Melted Rocks.

After going from one place to another from one end of India to another, I found that I had within me accumulated a treasure of which I had to give to all hungry souls of the Lord. But it was time now to go and enjoy it myself; and I went to the Holy Land of India, Brindāban, where Krishna was born and grew, where He walked and talked to His creation, and where He loved with His universe-love—His all-soul love—every creature. Oh, He loved even every blade of grass of his whole creation, and especially of Brindāban, that wonderful land where Krishna was born—the Krishna that showed His love by making even trees and grass and animals and birds and man all love him from the bottom of their soul. When He would sing his songs of love upon his flute and the whole of Brindāban would be thrilled; even blades of grass would dance in ecstasy; the tree-leaves would all sway and shed tears of joy. When at sundown He stood on the hill to call the herd of cattle, his cows and calves, and sang and played on his flute to call the dumb creatures, not only did they from all points where they were grazing run to that hill to Him, but the hill itself—hill of rock—melted; and when He stopped his music the rock hardened again;—and there are thousands of deep marks of cow's feet and Krishna's feet on these rocks—which if any of you would go to Brindāban, can see.

Yes, stones were melted, by love. We speak of iron-hearts being melted, stone-hearts being melted, by force of love. Here was the love of the universe condensed in the form of a human being. Here was the might of the love of all creation centered within a human being. And this was Krishna. When He sang and whenever He talked, the love of the whole world poured out of His lips and nothing there was in His creation—born out of his love—could resist it.

I lived there for two years, at its centre, called Rādhakund, with the Vaishnava hermits, the holiest hermits that are still blessing Mother Earth with the breath of their being. One day I was sleeping on my blanket in my cell when I dreamed a dream, a wonderful dream. In that dream I had a vision, in which I was commanded, I was bidden, to go to the Far West, which I never had wanted to do before. I was so very satisfied, not only, but so much overjoyed, with the life I lived—the life of purest joy in company with the holy hermits, that I didn't like to exchange my position for all the imperial thrones of the world. But I had to come, for the Lord's call was imperative. I left India and, to make a long story short, here I am, dear Americans, at your service—to serve your souls with the little love and knowledge and wisdom that my Lord has blessed me with.

Preached Christ by the Light of the Vedas.

When I was in New York I was told that it would be an up-hill task for me to make the average American believe in the Eastern truths, but I knew better. I knew that if I spoke out from the bottom of my heart, spoke with all the warmth of my conviction of those truths, illumined by the soul-consciousness which my Lord had blessed me with, I would be heard, my truths would be taken, for human minds are human minds the world over and truths are the same, East and West. What are truths? Truths are expressions of the inner laws of Nature; and these expressions, called truths, are embodied in the Vedas. They are eternal truths because the inner laws of Nature are eternal and their workings are eternal, their expressions are eternal, they never change—never, through

eternity. So, when I formed my classes and I talked to my audiences, they received the truths because, I spoke to them with all my sincerity. From out my heart I spoke, convinced it was for their best good—because, it had done me good—and done good to myriads of others, and because I found within me this illumination, along with the conviction that all stages of human consciousness are but steps to that one goal, that sincere seekers of Truth are going along the roads that lead to Rome—the Rome that is their Home. I had as much sympathy for the lowest form of worship as for the highest. Those that are on the lowest steps I knew would some day mount the highest and stand on the peak of the mountain. They are working their way up. Some are ahead of them, others are below; but since they are struggling to come up with determination, they will mount all the steps, clear all the obstacles, and stand on that top of the mountain wherefrom they will see that there are myriads of roads to that top.

When I found that the Vedic truths—truths that were fitted for all soul-hungry souls—were appreciated deeply in this country, then I turned to Christianity. I opened the Bible, which I had not read deeply, but only one or two books and that long, long ago. But when I, in New York, opened the Bible and read Christ's life and teachings, I found that the teachings of Christ were the same as those of the Vedas,—the same Eternal Truths Christ presented, suiting them to the time in which he lived and suited to the human beings among whom he moved; the same old truths, here and there only presented with new faces.

Then for the first time it flashed through me—a specific idea of my mission. I have told you, I had no mission of my own. But I was brought over here to do some little work of my Lord,—a most incompetent agent, whom the Lord would make competent some way or other. The Lord's mission flashed through me newly, and that mission was to preach Christ and his teachings by the light of that Eternal Sun of the spiritual world, the wisdom of the Vedas.

When I gave my first talk to my audiences in New York and Boston I found within me the same enthusiasm as I felt when I talked of Krishna; and when I found that my audiences had caught my enthusiasm, had caught even the illumination which the Lord awakened in me, for the time in my struggle to interpret rightly, my joy was unbounded. I found how hungrily they received this Christianity presented to them in the lime-light of the parent religion of the world. Then I found out my mission for the first time. I found that Christianity can be helped by the light of the East, wherefrom it came.

Churchianity Narrows the So-called Christian.

Christianity is an Oriental religion, the gift of the Orient to the Occident; and that Christianity, that Christ-life, can be illumined by the light of the source of that religion—the Eternal Truths. So I loved my Christ as I loved my Krishna; and when with all love in my heart for my Christ I talked of him, all my audiences loved Christ. People who had never cared to think seriously of Christ, never cared to worship Christ, loved him with all their heart.

This is the one thing which I found, and which you all can find. When some one becomes a Christian—I had almost said a "Churchian"—he thenceforward detests all other religions. All other Incarnations to him are false gods; all other religions are "heathenism." His religion is the only religion that is perfect, and all other religions are rigmroles. Not so with Vedantism, not so with the

parent religion of the world,—not so with the sun of the spiritual firmament. The other stars when they twinkle they perhaps think—if they can think—that they are the brightest in the heavens, not knowing that they draw their light from the central orb of the heavens. But the sun gives light and the sun thinks not of his radiance. He perhaps is too busy shedding light to think what that light is doing.

Yes, it narrows down, Churchianity does, contracting a heart formerly perhaps wide, formerly broad; but when I found through my four years' work in America that whoever received the light of Krishna loved Christ all the more if he had loved him only a little before, and loved him with all his heart if he had loved him well before, I said to myself: "Herein I find a test of the religion which is the science of all religions, which is the force of all religions and which is the parent of all religions."

I had left India with a heart to preach Krishna only; but when I took up Christianity and preached my Christ I found I preached the same religion, for Christ is a radiant expression of my Lord. Christ is a radiant manifestation of the Supreme God whom we call Krishna. Christ is an incarnation of the God I worshiped. What constitutes his Saviorship, his Incarnationship—if I can so use the word? It is centered in his love for God, his absolute love for God and man, his limitless love for God and man, his unswerving love for God and man. Therein is Christ's Christship. "But there may be saints who have the same quality of love for God and man: are all the saints God's incarnations?" Yes and no. Yes, because all lovers of God are his expressions, and therefore they are Incarnations in their little way. They shed the light from where they stand, may be, to a limited circle, but they are saviors. They may save ten souls, a hundred souls, two hundred souls, five hundred souls, during their life-time. But there are higher Incarnations as well. Our books have called all saints incarnations of God, but when we talk of an "Incarnation of God" we mean differently, and Christ was also that Incarnation. Christ was filled with love of God and man, which showed within him like an ocean, and which wanted to embrace the whole world. And he went to the world, as far as he could go; to all persons he went to give of that love that he felt within him, all whom he could reach.

The Might of Love the Greatest Might.

Some would say that Christ failed in his mission, inasmuch as he was crucified and many people did not take his religion of love. It is a great mistake. He was born in an arid soil of the human mind—at a time when that arid soil was more arid than before. He was just the one fitted to sow the seed of divine love in that arid soil and to make the seeds in time germinate and bear fruit. Therefore he made that sacrifice on the Cross, as I have told you so many times. That Christ who could raise the dead, walk over the waters, heal the sick, make the lame and halt to walk, that Christ could have escaped the clutches of his tormentors or could have shown his power in some other way to escape the crucifixion. But no! He was prepared for it. That was what he came to perform, to show to the world his Incarnationship, to show to the world his limitless love for God and man; that his love would not stop even when he was being tortured; and on the Cross he manifested that world-love that he possessed, that God-love that was within him. He said, "O Lord, forgive them for they know not what they do!" Oh, what infinite compassion even for enemies who tortured him to death! Have you not received that message of love through these two thousand years? Are

you not still bending your head and heart to the name of Jesus of Nazareth? Through all these two thousand years he has lived and his memory to-day is fresh in our hearts, perhaps not during his earthly career was he more loved and appreciated than now. He is the King of all Kings to-day. Crowned heads bow their crowns at his name. Why? What was,—what is, the merit of the Christ? LOVE was his merit. The might of love is the greatest might in the world; and Christ showed that might of love in the highest phase of love—the humble love. The humility of love is its highest, purest, greatest, manifestation.

My mission here is to serve you, serve your souls, so that you may understand your Christ, understand the Christ, who was an Oriental and who taught the basic principles of Oriental religions; who taught the religion of religions, the religion of love. My service to you I will render and that service is to interpret Christ with an Oriental heart, to worship him with all the warmth of the Oriental nature. Go to India and see the faith of the Hindoo, go to Japan and see the faith of the Japanese, in their Lord and God—go to China and also see their reverence, the reverence which they express with their body, mind, heart and soul. At the very name of God they drop down and prostrate themselves in the dust. This reverence is cultivated, dear hearts; cultivated from childhood—the sentiment of reverence, of love for God. Everything, every feeling of our heart, is the growth of cultivation of sentiments. If we cultivate sentiment daily, daily, it becomes deep and deeper, and it becomes deepest when we are blessed with its spirit.

When I talk of Christ I am filled with as much ecstasy as when I talk of Krishna. In talking of Krishna or Christ when I lack words to give body to my thoughts because of thousands of sentiments struggling for expression at the same time, that ecstasy inspires and supplies them. If I talk of Krishna, Krishna supplies them. If I talk of Christ, Christ supplies them, for I love Krishna and Christ out of my soul.

No Soul Need Go Soul-hungry.

Yes, let no soul in this whole West be without God; no soul need go soul-hungry through life. If Christianity does not appeal to some souls, if Christ does not appeal to some souls, there is Buddha, there is Krishna, there is Ramchandra, other Incarnations, born before Christ; and there is Chaitanya, an Incarnation born after Christ, who might appeal. Every incarnation of God is a road through which to reach God; every Incarnation shows some way. So says Christ—"I am the way." There are myriads of kinds of minds, human minds. All these different-complexioned minds want different concepts of God, different phases of God. One phase of God appeals to one, another phase appeals to another; hence they have so many religions, so many prophets, so many saviours. All are needed. All the saviours and saints, all these prophets, are sent by God to earth to be born to serve certain complexions of mind, certain complexions of mentality. They are all needed. They are all all right. They all serve their purposes for which they are sent.

Christ served his purpose. After Christ came other Incarnations—in India, the land of all the rest of the Incarnations. And they gave love, as Christ did, in other forms, in other ways. Chaitanya was another incarnation of Krishna, and he gave love, inundated the whole of India with his love and none could resist the might of that love. Even the Mohammedan kings could not resist the might of his love. They bowed their heads to that Hindoo Incarnation. Though

they despised the Hindoo religion, yet the soul in Chaitanya, stamped with His might, overcame them. And what was that stamp? His love, his love to all, Mohammedans and Hindoos, to all alike; to man and woman, to child, to Nature. Aye, everything drew his love, the expressions of his soul-love. If Chaitanya appeals to you, study Chaitanya; and if Buddha appeals to you, study Buddha; if Krishna appeals to you, study Krishna; and when you have studied with all your heart, with sincerity, with a real hunger,—which is the source of sincerity,—then you will find that Christ is as good as others, that in Christ was the expression of a phase of the same love as in Buddha, as in Krishna, as in Chaitanya.

Christianity and Vaishnavism the Same Religion.

My task comes in when Christian ministers narrow down Christianity, and patronize Jesus Christ for the foolish claim that Jesus was the only Son of God,—a concoction of their own. They have been alarmed at my presentation of Christ and Krishna. "A heathen talking of Christ!" To a lady friend of mine another lady said that she would not go to hear me even if I talked and praised Christ. She would not, he said, share her Christ with a "heathen." These were her words. She would not hear of Christ from "heathen" lips. What insane bigotry! And this bigotry has been instilled into this otherwise good-hearted woman by some of these Christian ministers who worship a few tenets and dogmas all prepared by themselves and according to their mind's own light, and foisted upon innocent Jesus of Nazareth. They do not love Christ for his world-large love. They do not love Christ for his limitless love for God and man. They love Christ because, according to their assumption, he "is the only Son of God." But the days of dogmatic Christianity—which is killing and crucifying Christ every day in this wonderful land of real receptivity of spiritual light—will be over; for the thirsty soul of the average American wants something to drink that is warm—oh, some love to drink that is warm! Some food of wisdom to eat that will feed them and warm them up for they are shivering from the coldness of church dogmas.

When I say that ministers patronize Jesus Christ by worshipping him, do you think I make fun of it, or put it wrong? No! If they loved Christ and worshipped Christ for his love, they would have absorbed that love from Christ and would have loved any one they saw who also loved Christ. Their love would go to the "heathen" and Christian as well. They would love anybody that in love took the name of Christ, their beloved one. They would love anything and everything that belongs to their object of love. They would recognize the Christ spirit, even in people whom they call "heathen" now.

The "Heathens" are Better Christians.

Look at these people who are calling themselves "Christians" although they have not the virtues of the so-called "heathens." The Russo-Japanese war has given them an object-lesson which has made them sorry,—and then made them happy. The Japanese, during this war, have shown their Christian qualities, such as even Western Christian nations have not shown during peace times. And these Christians are doing a little thinking. All the same, they are calling the Japanese "heathens" and trying to get money to send missionaries to the "heathen" souls of the Mikado's realm. The same thing in India. Every Christian missionary is a great joke. He comes not knowing his Master, Jesus of Nazareth, a radiant expression of Lord God. And such is the Hindoo, in his truly Christian attitude of mind, that he stands and hears the Christian missionary

although the Christian missionary denounces his God before him, because he knows the *pad-e sahib* to be the greatest fool. Oh, what a pity, you may well imagine, arises in that Hindoo's heart. He thinks, "Oh, these deluded people, coming here to run down other people's God!" The Hindoos have read of Jesus Christ, they have their idea of Jesus, of that Jesus who gave up his life to save the world; who taught the lesson that God is love, and man's only mission of life is to love and serve that God of Love. There are Christian ministers who form exceptions in this country—the Lord bless them!—who recognize a Christian in a "heathen" when that "heathen" displays Christian virtues in thought and conduct. They appreciate Christ's influence and grace in those who show Christ-like qualities. The Lord bless them! I bless them from the bottom of my soul.

For the rest, it is certain that the world's spiritual events are advancing with a rapidity which will take these narrow Christians by storm. There are other Hindoo preachers now preaching in this blessed land. These Hindoo preachers are all appointed by the Lord to come here, to meet the need of hungry souls. These Hindoo preachers have all received their appointments, consciously or unconsciously; they are all appointed to their work. They come with their spirit of asceticism, they come with nothing to support them here. They earn their livelihood by their work, and stand before the people to give from out their hearts the truths they have learned. They have no mission fund, as your missionaries have, upon which to fall back, upon which to depend for their living. They come out of their longing to give away the love and knowledge they have got in India through their ascetic life. And you can always depend upon a Hindoo when he comes that he means to serve you with his soul, that he comes with the sole purpose of serving you, and with no object of selfish gain or aggrandizement.

My mission will be fully fulfilled when the people of this country—the majority, or a good portion, of the people of this country—will return to these Oriental faiths, to these Oriental books, in order to know their Jesus Christ. For Jesus Christ can only be fully known by studying these Jesuses that were born before him, and the record of whose nectar-lives are to be found in the Hindoo scriptures. May the time come soon, may Jesus hasten that time! And when the time comes, my mission will be fulfilled.

Whether it is aided by myself or somebody else, or it comes of itself, my mission will be fulfilled. So long as I am here I am an American, as well as your most humble servant.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Four people, seated in a cozy parlor, were discussing various phases of philosophy. Each presented a truth from his own particular standpoint. Each produced good arguments and each was absolutely certain that he was right. The discussion grew warm and intense. Finally, one of the number rose abruptly as if moved by a sudden inspiration. "I have an idea," he said, as he placed his chair in the middle of the room.

"If you will notice this carpet," he continued, pointing to the floor, "you will see the figures are so arranged as to form rows running from north to south, from east to west and so diagonally across the room. Now suppose A sits at the middle of the north wall. He will declare that the stripes run north and south. Let B sit in the centre of the east wall. He will declare that the stripes run north-east and south-west. Let C sit at the south-east corner. He will declare that the stripes run from south-east to north-west. Let D sit at the south-west corner. He will say that the stripes run from south-west to north-east. Now each one will be right and each one will know that he is right. But it is only I, sitting at the Centre, who see that the stripes run in all directions and that you all are right."

OFF TO THE ORIENT.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

ON THE Minnesota, the belching monster in the palm of the Pacific Ocean, the Baba and his party of six greeted a succession of breaking dawns and blazing sunsets. Capricious days, grey days, fitful days, rainy days, blowing days, and stormy days; days that threw their lure over man and days that stood tiptoe in the glory of their perfection; days, where every hour was a golden note on the flute of time; days when the clouds were piled in gigantic mountains of fleecy white and sunk in valleys of down; days which, like a gray witch, wrapped their mantle of drab about the waters and the horizon and drew their pall on the tiny figures that marched and marched around the deck, as the great steady boat puffed its way, untouched by storm or calm, in ploughing strides through the hill-high waves. Nights, too, there were that set the pulse beating in unison to the wild song of the winds and the swinging rhythm of the waves; nights when the sky seemed so close to the waters' brave expanse that it was as if one might reach and pluck the golden, tantalizing twinkler from its brow; nights when the sky seemed to crowd down upon the water and the winds and waves to shriek and hiss in protest at the closeness of their embrace. Nights there were, soft and still and inky as the interior depths of some old church, whose blackness is like the protecting wing of an angel close by; nights that were luminous and full of balm, open-browed and alive with a rollicking song or, perhaps, the mad note of a wicked nymph at play.

Oh, the days that were behind us and those that were before! Oh, the wail of the winds and the roar of the water, the mystery in their coming and the joy at their going, the calm in their silence and the shout in their wild passing! Baba and the party still remember, still thrill with delight at them and shudder, too, at the thought of them.

And they remember, too, with pleasure some of the courtesies of those who marched on deck. They remember some of the gracious women and kindly gentlemen—the genial Captain Austin of the big boat and the sturdy Secretary of War and his party, the charming General Edwards and the old-world gentlemen of culture, Mr. O'Brien, Ambassador to Japan, the delightful Mr. McNally, Minister to China, and the boys of the Press who made things hum in their immediate vicinity. They remember these and many others with gratification, in direct opposition to the seventy-two missionaries who also marched and marched about the deck praying that the whole world might be saved—all the world but the six who dared to accompany the "heathen" Baba and, worst of all, who dared to pollute the atmosphere of their transcendental selves. Then the six remember with a shudder even as they do the howl of the winds and the beating of the waves in their angry moments, for these who were to awaken the "heathen" to a better life were angry at us and in their anger they grew malicious and they did such things and said such things

that we, who knew the "heathen" Baba, rejoiced that we were travelling with him and not with them, that we were listening to his words that were loving to all and Christ-like in their import and not to them whose words were un-Christlike to all and heathenish in their import.

One there was among them, a huge, heavy-lipped Southerner, whom one easily mistook for a turfman until his voice rang forth in all its husky resonance; then we thought him an auctioneer. But he was neither of these. He was the boss of the Baptist missionary society of heathen lands. He was also at the head and middle and end of the unkind, malicious and salanderous reports that the seventy-two missionaries buzzed that made heavy the breezes of day and made hideous the beauties of night about the party that dared to go to the "heathen" land of India accompanying a "heathen" sage whose good work in dear, free, beautiful America has made him beloved by thousands.

But in the midst of our delight and shudders Japan, the door of the Orient, Japan, bringing the breath of Mandalay in its soft air, hove in sight and we awoke to the juttings of fortresses facing our brave boat, green lands smiling upon us and banks wooded with dwarfed and crooked trees welcoming us. From out the distance scores of little dancing fishing sailboats gleamed white in the dawn, boats quaint as a wooden shoe with a rag sail unfurled above it. Further away the port is spied and Yokohama, the gate of the Orient, with its wonderful water front and hundreds of boats, vessels and steamers, all bedecked with their flags that represent the countries from over the world. Our red, white and blue fluttering like a great bird unafraid of foe, joins the rest, the anchor is weighed and a journey in Japan opens before us. One by one launches filled with American officers, army and navy, hurry to our boat; now others with Japanese officers join them, our Old Glory conspicuous on all; the gang-plank is lowered and American and Japanese high officials all come on board to welcome and pay honor to America in the person of Hon. William Taft, our War Secretary, and his party. We watch the meeting of these men, the courtesies of one country extended to another. This over, we see them making for land, our Secretary of War looming big among them even as America ever grows big in the horizon of other nations.

A little more and we, Baba and his party, have touched Japan, we are walking in Japan—Japan much dreamed of, often talked of, greatly longed for, at last realised. Quickly we call rickshaws, that delightful conveyance of pleasure and usefulness, the little, high two-wheeled cart drawn by a diminutive, strong, stalky cooly who trots through the narrow, crowded thoroughfares—thoroughfares conspicuous by the absence of horses as much as by the moving mass of little men and women garbed in garments whose coloring is a rest to the eye and a joy to the sense. The soft colors of autumn's brown and gold are second only to the purples from the very deepest to the palest lavendars and every variety of shade as also the blues and grays that meet the eye on every side and harmo-

nize perfectly with the calm resting on the face of man and the placidity dwelling in the eye of woman. Thus enthroned in our rickshaws, full of wonder, of bewilderment at the kaleidoscopic view of men and city we reach the station where a train hurries us to Tokio, the seat of government, the residence of the son of the Rising Sun.

For picturesqueness and quaintness Tokio is unrivalled—a city of extremes, a lilluputian people with gigantic national affairs, little men and tiny women with wee babies living in small playhouses for homes, a mite of a garden surrounding it; narrow streets lined on either side with shops a few feet square yet holding in their cramped dimensions a merchant's income or a wealth of curios or, perchance, the mere eking out of an existence. But leave these behind and visit the public buildings, the army and navy building and those pertaining to official and state affairs; gigantic they are and colossal and may be most favorably compared with those in Western countries. Here the big interests of these little men dawn upon one and we dimly understand these seeming play-people, these sons of doll-women and short, barelegged men who live most of their lives outside of the boxes called homes, believing in a million gods, worshipping the warrior ancestors of the past and seeing in their Emperor the infallible Son of Heaven; one begins to adjust them into the royal proportions the past years have shown and to realize how these veritable children in peace might become lions in war and even twist the nose of that great ice-bear, Russia, until pawing the air he squeals for mercy.

'Tis but a step from the signet of their greatness to the tea-house which is the very embodiment of artistic beauty, the rooms screened by paper partitions that slide noiselessly back and forth, matting that covers the floors in panels, no furniture but the low stool or table upon which the tea and sweets are served save, perhaps, a light, dainty screen vaguely decorated with trees or flower spray, or a little ebony stand upon which a flower trained into fantastic shape nods sleepily from its corner. Passing through these sweet smelling rooms that open to receive you and close at your passing you are ushered into a garden or park, a fairyland, you will say, if it is your first view of it, for never has mortal looked on shrubbery so green and fragrant, on trees so strange and dwarfed, on lotus so bright and starry, as those which make the scene so altogether lovely. Here is a twisted bridge moss-grown and flower bedecked, there a stone cave pungent plants carpeting its floor, yonder a lake wherein goldfish and diminutive duck disport themselves and further off a bower of wisteria blossoms that make you sigh with their beauty. And all this pointed out to you by one who walks at your side in the little clattering wooden clogs, with slim brown hands, black hair piled high in geisha fashion on a small head, eyes a-slant and lips red and pouting and voice soft and timid as the birds that chirp overhead. In our walk a speckled fawn runs to greet our tiny friend; a peacock, too, struts forth with its plumage outspread in sunburst fashion while flocks of doves circle round and round

the cot that finds place in this wonderful garden, this little wooded paradise, this sylvan delight in the very heart of thickly populated Tokio and where not a sound of the outer world reaches one but the ting ting of the samisen that accompanies the rather weird song from a little balcony somewhere among the trees and shrubbery and flowers. Here in a matted corner tea and sweets are served, then passing back into the entrance we are ushered out between two rows of geisha girls who, face downward, bow us into the open.

A little farther on is a temple, a Shinto temple, perched on the top of a hill and reached by a flight of steps, 286 in number. During the thirty minutes of our stay over a hundred women and men came to pray—fathers and sons and brothers, wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of those who died in the late Russo-Jap war. They come to the outer door where a shrine is placed over which a cord is hung that is attached to a bell. Thrice they clap their palms, rub them together several times, then make known their desire. Questioning a priest of kindly face, who gave us tea at the Temple door, we were told that all the prayers were offered for the peace and welfare of the dead, that no matter how great the misery of the praying ones was no word ever went over that shrine for themselves, but their need was ever lost in the desire for the rest and safe sojourn of the one who had slipped over the big divide.

Poverty among these who had lost their near ones in the War is great. "But," said one small widow, "he gave his life for his country, for his Emperor, for me, why should I not be willing to be deprived of something too?" Another, a father who had lost his son, the wage-earner of the house, said: "We are very old, my wife and I, a little rice and a bit of fish satisfies and if there is no fish there is rice. If the rice gives out too—well, one meal a day or one in two days, perhaps, of roots and wheat, but that is not a great price to pay when I gave my boy and my boy gave his life for the cause that was just." And so it is. Young men, who came from the battlefield uninjured but left brother or brother-in-law among the dead, have taken the families of these upon themselves. Many of these younger men who left schools and colleges to fight have come back to become the wage-earners of the families of their unfortunate relatives who returned no more. Others have brought these families into their own and care for the mother, wife, sister and children together with their already numerous family. All through Japan in the fields and the villages and cities the hand of war has left its blight. Thousands of farms are desolate and in ruins because of the absence of him who tilled it, others are run in a pitiful fashion by very old fathers and the women of the household or by women alone, and the result is poverty walking abroad gaunt-eyed and grim and leaving its destruction wherever its foot falls.

In direct contrast to this poverty stands the magnificent opulence of the home of the Emperor of Japan, a walled city of palaces girded about by all the beauty of landscape and architecture that the human sense is

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At a boy's school the teacher asked each scholar to write on a slip of paper the greatest desire of his heart, the one thing that he would wish to have most in this world. Seven-eighths of the answers were—"To die for our sacred Emperor." A few years ago, a writer said all the heroic phrasing about the divinity of the Emperor was playing to the gallery, mock heroics and so forth. Since then it has been proved otherwise. If the results of the Russo-Japanese war be mock heroics and if the brave attitude of the Japanese in the face of

to her view, where are sunsets as fiery or dawns as weird and shadowy, where are clouds so purple, so heavy, so changeable as those that crown her sunny brow? Where such granite rocks over which the water springs and dances and tumbles in laughing, shouting, thundering confusion, where such bewildering groups of wild vines and plants and young trees, flowers in bloom and trees in fruit, all massed in one jungle of loveliness as here? Where such narrow roads and lanes and footpaths that surprise you into quaint crooks and corners, weird bodies of smooth or mad water, into sudden broad barren spaces or well kept streets with shops and houses cuddled together like friendly chicks beneath a mother's wing, streets crowded with slow moving men and women the click click of whose wooden clogs lingers on the ear like the beating of —

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Shoulder to shoulder in loveliness stand Nara with Kyoto, a rival to both and Mogi following close on the wake of the three. Each of these are places for man to dream of Paradise, so abundant is their beauty, of such wonder in their natural scenery, not to speak of the numerous temples and places of interest that urge one again and again to cross a continent or ocean to behold them again.

At Kobe our big, friendly boat awaits us, and though we turn from Japan with a sigh, a smile spreads in our heart to see the gracious Captain, the capable crew and all the old cheery faces minus the heavy Baptist and his followers whom we left behind in fair Japan. Peace go with them. Let us hope that the "heathen" in fair Japan may teach them the great lesson that God's love is greater than man's righteousness and that a word of human kindness will do more towards opening the heart to receive that God than all the hammered-iron conceit of the Baptist creedist.

O My jewels rare! Arise, survey the kingdom you may possess. Laws you may make barriers break, tread on the stars, and the comets themselves will rush at your command. Know I have made you heir to all I have created. I, your Maker's Self, once walked a man and as a man all men I love. To know yourself know me. And having gained knowledge of Me, all will be revealed unto you and the bitter waters of self-seeking shall become holy and sweet as the waters of the Ganges. And you I will clothe in my Truth sublime, My truth that is devoid of changes of age and time. In its shadow you will abide—My Truth that is permanent, the Root of all Eternity.—From "*Krishna*" by Baba Bharati.

THE SCIENCE OF PRAYER.

BY BABA BHARATI.

PRAYER IS the recognition of a power, invisible to the physical eye, but cognized and felt by the force within, that is, the soul—a condition of the faculties that has faith in a promise that one believes in. It is the reaching out of the higher self in man to come in contact with an existence that represents to him the treasure-trove of life, whether it be outside of him or within him. It is impelled by the overflow of emotions, whether they be of love or despair. When the heart is full of love, it prays articulately or inarticulately. When it is bursting with despair, then, too, prayers come forth.

In prayer of a heart-felt form, all of the centres of the mind are concentrated on that Source of aid, and thus it absorbs the blessing with which it has empowered that conception of God, whatever it may be. And that very concentration directed towards something away from man's outer self, will change his thought-current and so lift it out of its rut. Thus it delivers him, in a sense, out of his present condition and opens a new channel of thought directed into action toward the object prayed for. It takes man from the foothills of material externals, with its turmoil and clamor, unto the silent uplands of his interior, where all is law and order, from which point he views with spiritual gaze the field of action, bringing therefrom a calm thought and a steady strength to cope, to the best advantage, with his conditions. In other words, the turning away of his mind from the obstacles which beset man, for ever so short a time, detaches the links that bind him to a groove, and frees him from its environments and atmosphere, thus lessening the power and control of those obstacles.

Prayer is the action of faith, and faith is the outcome of a promise. Prayer is the pulse which sets to vibrating the great body of the Infinite. It is the invisible instrument that connects the praying individual with Omnipotence. It is the lever which lifts the soul unto its heritage and yokes it unto the great Over-Soul of which it is a part. Prayer forces the thought of the prayerer through the clouds of obsuration, and thus disperses all that stands before it and the face of his Creator. It is the seeking of the Kingdom of Heaven, from which all things shall be added unto the prayerer.

A prayerer has to be absolutely earnest if he expects his prayer to be absolutely fulfilled, for the fulfilment of a prayer is according to the degree of the earnestness of the prayerer. An earnest prayer is born of earnest thought, more of the Source of the fulfilment of its object than of its object itself. The praying heart has to be absorbed in that to which the prayer is directed, which absorption is only possible when that heart is blessed with full faith in the Fulfiller. That faith, which is the prime requisite for a prayer's fulfilment, is either cultivated or suddenly generated by the pressure of circumstances.

THE LIGHT OF INDIA

master of. Pools deep and still, reflecting on their breasts the glory of the overhanging trees entwined with blooming tropical vines trained into bowers of utmost loveliness; stone bridges of colossal build, bridges wrought of solid stone and bridges of twisted tree trunks; lawns of velvet, and flowers massed into a jungle of oriental color, neat gardens surrounding moss-lined stone basins of water; fountains and waterfalls, stone benches of every size and description, great stone lanterns eight feet in height and hundreds of years old, grottos undreamed of by mortal and broad marble stairs leading into secluded caves of wondrous workmanship or into marble pillared arbors, and garden temples where some shrine is erected, or, perhaps, an alabaster basin where the water gushes perpetually its cooling outpour, and over it all the delicate, veil-like vapor of the phantom atmosphere of the Orient. Several gigantic gates, entrances to seven of these parks, each one more magnificent than the last and then the holy of holies,—the shrine where dwells the god of gods of Japanese worship—His Imperial Highness, the Emperor of Japan, at whose command the nation will shoulder poverty without complaint, face death without murmur,—nay, more, they consider it the highest grace that can come unto them, for the Emperor is sacred, his word is the word of Japan, and he and Japan are one and the same—God.

At a boy's school the teacher asked each scholar to write on a slip of paper the greatest desire of his heart, the one thing that he would wish to have most in this world. Seven-eighths of the answers were—"To die for our sacred Emperor." A few years ago, a writer said all the heroic phrasing about the divinity of the Emperor was playing to the gallery, mock heroics and so forth. Since then it has been proved otherwise. If the results of the Russo-Japanese war be mock heroics and if the brave attitude of the Japanese in the face of immediate danger and death and their stoical patience in the vista of prolonged poverty be playing to the gallery, it is of long standing and has in its caliber the fibres of such reality as to make it a marvel in its spontaneity and endurance. So long as the spirit "to die for our sacred Emperor, to sacrifice and suffer for him" stands thus first in the youths of Japan that country has naught to fear. So long as an Emperor thus worshipped will himself with his family and household feed on the same bare and meager rations that are doled out daily to his soldiers during the war, so long as he and his will voluntarily undergo the austerities that these soldiers do, even though it be within the enclosures of his royal magnificence as, is it said, the present Emperor of Japan did during their struggle with Russia, so long the worship of his people will not be vain.

But on the whole the broad sweep one gets of Japan is that of prosperity, of a thrifty, clever and simple people. Looking from the windows of a railway train one is struck by the fertility of the country; every inch of ground is cultivated and as far as the eye can gaze a terraced checker-board of vegetation greets one—here a square of onions, there of turnips, here another of rice, then one of flowers, perhaps, the next of potatoes, a

little further a square that is an orchard, a small patch of a vineyard, and all backed by a wee grove of bamboo, cedar or pine. Thus for miles and miles at a stretch there is not a barren place to be seen. Forests, too, there are that break the variegated stretch and extensive rice fields where men stand knee-deep in its slime with great hats that look like miniature doubles of the straw thatched roof of their homes in the distances. Village after village appears and disappears and men and women alight; rickshaws by the scores are at each station and here at each one cold lunches or tiffins of rice, sweets and fish put up in small bamboo boxes are sold to the passengers. Watching these people, well dressed, English-speaking, prosperous, eating these cold tiffins we feel that lack of dainty food might have been the least of the hardships in the late war.

Nikko was one of our numerous destinations, Nikko meaning sunshine in Japan about which one has said, "Never say you have known beauty until you have seen Nikko." How true it is! Where are hills and dales like those of Nikko, where such mountains as unveil themselves to her view, where are sunsets as fiery or dawns as weird and shadowy, where are clouds so purple, so heavy, so changeable as those that crown her sunny brow? Where such granite rocks over which the water springs and dances and tumbles in laughing, shouting, thundering confusion, where such bewildering groups of wild vines and plants and young trees, flowers in bloom and trees in fruit, all massed in one jungle of loveliness as here? Where such narrow roads and lanes and footpaths that surprise you into quaint crooks and corners, weird bodies of smooth or mad water, into sudden broad barren spaces or well kept streets with shops and houses cuddled together like friendly chicks beneath a mother's wing, streets crowded with slow moving men and women the click click of whose wooden clogs lingers on the ear like the beating of wet sand with a flat oar? Only in Nikko these abrupt, almost startling, changes from woodland to the business street are found and only at Nikko a sacred bridge, a tiny, red, sacred bridge, four hundred years old, spanning a crazy, leaping stream could be found where quite unguarded it stands, traversed by none save the Imperial family who summer in Nikko, with nothing to prevent the ordinary mortal from treading upon it but the word of the sacred Emperor whose word is the word of God to prince and peasant alike, to the man of order and to him who is out of the pale of society. The people, simple and child-like, earnest and thrifty, are but the natural accessories to the scene which they embellish. Their worshipful lives, their exquisite neatness, their silent patriotism, their artistic sense that makes a rosy sunset or the blooming of a flower a matter of great moment, their frank kindness to the stranger within their gates, all fits the picture as naturally as night comes after day and sunlight gives way to the stars. The homes of the wealthy are large and pretentious in outlines, although the mattings that panel the floors and the sliding screens, not the furniture which is very little, are what make a home one of costly elegance or otherwise. Yes, if the country of Japan is quite different from any other country in natural beauty, her people,

too, are different; in courtesy, patriotism, simplicity they are as unique as their land is picturesque.

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Cultivated faith becomes enduring, while faith born of desperate circumstances is accidental. But even this accidental faith, in many instances—I had almost said most instances—comes to stay and grows deeper and more powerful, nourished by the essence of the soul-illumination which the accidental, absolute honesty of the prayerer fills his heart with.

In the land of the East where every breath is a prayer, every word its utterance, man looks upon the world, upon Nature, and reads in it the fulfilment of the prayers of all mankind. To the Easterners the great Mother Earth has answered the prayer of her children by an abundance of crops. God has answered their prayer by the Ganges' blessing; by the rains they behold the answer to their prayer, the sun's course, the moon's ride and the stars' march. To them no prayer is unanswered and all existence is the outcome of prayer. To make life an appreciated living is prayer. To shirk not the duty at hand, nor turn unseeing from the blessings within reach, is prayer.

THE CHILDREN OF JAPAN.

BY MARY WALTON.

FROM THE tiny tot who rides contentedly on the mother's back, his head bobbing with each movement of her body, to the youngster who clatters securely by on his miniature stilts of clogs, the baby folk of Japan form the most appealing part in the study of human interest. The round shaven heads with the fringes of black hair, the brown faces from which peer beady black eyes through lids aslant, the gay garments with wide flowing sleeves, all look strangely familiar to us—dolls come to life, we say, yet very human dolls with a very real part to play in the life around them.

Early they begin to learn the lesson which their parents have already mastered—patience, cheerful endurance of discomfort, repose of manner. It may not be their lot, fortunate or otherwise, to be coddled and dandled in the mother's arms, swung in cradles, swathed in downy comforts, or perambulated in go-carts of wondrous construction, to cry, perchance, from sheer surfeit of luxurious care. But from early morning till the "gold-dust hour" of twilight they are in the open air, strapped to their mother's or tiny sister's back or clinging there, holding on with hands and feet, a ride which many a little Western baby would gleefully exult in. Life cannot become dull for them with so much happening before their eyes, and if the little eyes grow weary they close them in a slumber which is not broken by the chattering of the mother or the movements of the sister who plays her games oblivious of the little charge upon her back. They are seldom heard to cry. But if at times a voice is raised in a wail of protest it is soon hushed by food or a pat from the mother's hand. Thus early do they form part of a life which is essentially communal, thus soon are they prepared to become working factors in

a society that is distinctly paternal. Here, indeed, in these babies of a simple, patriotic people can be seen heroes in the making—brave fathers, devoted mothers, all staunch sons and daughters of their revered common father, the Mikado.

Tiny girls who seem scarcely large enough to toddle pass by, toes turned in, with the mincing step that is the accepted gait of Japan, romp past in play, not once losing the wooden geta from their bare feet. Like little women they look in their wide-sleeved kimonos and broad obis, gay or, maybe, dull in hue yet always artistic whether the decoration be a shower of wisteria bloom on a plum-colored ground or a quaint white tracery on a more sober blue. Very often this little maid, this sister-mother, carries a wee baby on her back. So small she is that sometimes the baby's feet almost touch the ground as she walks, but she is not to be deprived of her play even though she must at the same time serve as nurse. She joins in the games of children who may be unencumbered by the burden of a younger sister or brother and together they squat in a circle at the side of a street or in a doorway and play at games that would baffle a Westerner to understand or, in turn, run in a merry chase that is hidden from view by a sudden turn in the lane.

Boys of all ages are seen, some flying kites in the open, kites of fantastic shapes like some strange, gaudy bird of the air or queer fish out of its element, or else gathered in an admiring group around a curiously dwarfed tree or a single beautiful flower. Little boys there are trudging to school, their books tucked in their ample sleeves, a simple lunch of rice and fish packed in a small box and carried in a silk cloth. Hatless they are with, maybe, a light paper parasol as protection against sun or shower but happy in their simple freedom of dress and manner. Older boys, intelligent youths, are on their way to the universities, seats of higher learning where these small brown men have shown the bigness of their minds in a way that has made their white brothers wonder. Young and old acquire that mastery of the mind and control of the body which has enabled them so successfully to compete with the West in the arts of peace and war.

Here they are taught that peculiar form of fencing which seems like some remnant of the medieval age and jiu jitsu, that method of wrestling which makes a mighty opponent a man of straw in the hands of his weaker adversary. In a spacious, airy gymnasium boys of all ages assemble, from lads of six up to sturdy youths of twenty. The space in the centre of the room is used for the athletic performances. Around this the spectators sit on straw mattings to view a sight of uncommon interest as a display of muscular skill and agility. Those that are to fence don their quaint armour of bamboo and helmets that look like nothing more than huge old-fashioned sun-bonnets. Thus accoutered, with bamboo lance in hand, they look like some warriors from a forgotten age who, held captive by some magic spell through dim cycles of time, are released at last to appear before us

now to daze and startle our vision like a dream come true. Before challenging each other these bonneted chieftains, with true Japanese politeness, salute the teacher with head to the floor, then drop to one knee and bow stiffly to each other.

Now the conflict begins and a battle royal it is, if one may judge by the noise made, amounting to a deafening din when fifty are at it at once. The lance glances harmlessly off the bamboo armour, but the effect of it all is almost terrifying at first. A mite of six, in all the habiliments of a fencer, lunges fearlessly forward, charging boldly, if quixotically, at his master who may allow the lad to beat him unmercifully for a while or else parries his thrusts, keeping him tantalizingly alert and expectant. On the other side of the room jiu jitsu is in full swing. Larger boys are wrestling with each other or teaching the younger ones, landing them at full length on the floor by a deft turn of the wrist or a quick movement of the foot. After seeing all this there need be no question of where Japan gets her soldiers, little men of steel able to stand suffering and privation that would break the strength of big men of iron.

And yet it is not so much the literary or the physical training of the child that constitutes the basis of an education that is all round and complete in its fitting for work in life. Underneath it all, the corner-stone upon which the perfected edifice rests, is the principle of reverence for elders and worship of God and ancestors, inculcated from babyhood and practiced all through life. Early in the morning, ere the day's work begins, feeble old people who have garnered life's store of sorrow and joys, those vigorous in the prime of life, and happy young people whose future is opening in rosy promise before them—all, prosperous or poverty-stricken alike, wend their way, a motley throng, to some sacred shrine to worship their God and their ancestors, who are now gods to them. Always they are accompanied by the little ones who must also take some part in the worship. If too young to lisp a prayer they can bring a flower or a small coin as a love offering. Reverently they lay it at the shrine, pull the cord that awakes to harmony the temple bell, then bow with head touching the ground, a ceremony so simple yet full of such a spirit of love and devotion that the heart is moved as by a benediction. Then away they trip, lighthearted and happy, looking, indeed, like gay, fluttering butterflies, yet touched by a seriousness that will develop in later life into a reverent worship of God and ancestors and an undying devotion to the Mikado.

Dai Nippon Banzai ! Hail to thee, fair Nippon, a great land whose little ones promise to make thee greater !

O ye my children that fret and squirm underneath the load and scratches of life ! Do ye give it unto Him who by His wondrous love for all knoweth not weight or pain. That which to you a burdensome plight hath become, is light even unto down to Me. The blight has been of thine own making, O child of my heart !—From "*Krishna*" by *Baba Dharati*.

PARAGRAPHS ON PASSING EVENTS.

BY BABA BHARATI.

IT WAS the home-leaving of a citizen of the world—leaving his home in America, for good! Yes, it was so for the time being, mine was—but who knows? Who knows that I will not be back among these warm-hearted people, talking of Krishna and Christ with all the warmth of my being. I am at my Lord's commands. His will be done.

■ ■ ■

But even home-leaving was not so bad as the leave-taking, the last was the more painful wrench. The feeling for my home, my garden, and above all, my Krishna Temple was strong enough. Each day's cultivated sentiment had made the chain of my love and affection for these stronger and stronger until I had begun to think, nay, feel that there was no world outside 730 West Sixteenth Street of Los Angeles in sunny California. Aye, the Krishna Home was the only reality and the world outside its palings was but a dream. Within its walls and grounds the atmosphere of Brindāban—the realm of Love Absolute—had so thickened that it hypnotised us, the inmates, into oblivion of everything outside its duties and instincts. To leave it was like jumping into the unknown. But we jumped.

Mlechhas and the Heathen.

As we jumped, friends caught hold of us, asking why we jumped at all—friends whose affection had rivetted itself into ours by means of our thinking one and the same thought, the thought ecstatic, the thought of God—the God that is all love. I, a Hindoo heathen, and they, American mlechhas, had burned all our prejudices for one another at the altar of loving for love's sake. And out of the ashes had arisen a kinship stronger, greater, holier and more affectionate than that of blood. The color of our skin and the cut of our robe was forgotten when we spoke to each other heart to heart through the medium of our ensouled minds. Here is the Vedic truth verified, that man is his mind; and so long as men's mind's think of the All-Common Soul they are one and feel like one. So the fool who said:

"The East is East, the West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,"

is a fool of the first degree, he belongs to the circus ring. Who is a greater fool than the "genius" who knows not what he is talking about.

A Reply to Kipling's Rigmarole.

In answer to this pompous rigmarole I once wrote these doggerel lines in the autograph album of a little girl in Paris:

"The East is East, the West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,
Foolish scribbling, Rudyard Kipling,
'Tis not poetry, true or sweet.

Men hate each other, brother kills brother,
 Bereft of true love's grace ;
 With love's leaven, hell hugs heaven,
 East, West, North, South embrace ;
 Love is the power the universe doth hold,
 All else is powerless, might or right or gold."

Old 'Frisco.

San Francisco, "Old 'Frisco" they call it. 'Twas new, however, when we reached there—risen anew, Phoenix-like, out of the year before's ashes. We were sandwiched between two Swamis and they pressed us into sweet jelly. My, the warmth of their reception! We had Hindoo dinners, a dozen courses cooked in right orthodox Hindoo style by the younger Swami himself—Swami Prakāshānanda, the young man who speaks so little but loves so much to serve one with all his ascetic heart and soul. He snatched away from me all the laurels I had gathered in Los Angeles as a first class Hindoo chef. But the daintiness of his dishes took away all the pang of their loss. And dear, old Trigunātita was amiability itself. He wears still the heart of the rambler of the Holy Road, despite his American dress. His old-world goodwill, the merry twinkle of his eye are still twinkling in our memory.

Portland and Seattle.

What a mountain ride from 'Frisco to Seattle, what entrancing scenery, what woodland beauty, uphill and down-dale, what dauntless climbs and descents! And all was dustless—not a speck anywhere. And in the bosom of the mountains was fair Portland, a lovely city. Really Portland made me wish I were another year in America, as did San Diego. They say Seattle is better and grand; perhaps so, but I like a city all level, if possible, and the rain spoiled the joke.

A Message from Tolstoy.

On board the big boat at last—the monster Minnesota. Already two days late in starting, her steering gear wanted another day—to be "fixed." So we had to be near fixed land for twenty hours, though on water, and the only incident that relieved the tedium and impatience was the coming on board of a lady, all panting with her enthusiasm at having caught me at last. She had come rushing across the States to catch me, and I was caught. She was with Count Leo Tolstoy in his house for over a week, during which time the Count had talked of nothing else but my article, "The White Peril," to her, and praised it and its author so highly that she determined to see me and deliver the message of the Connt.



Off! Off, at last! The mammoth moved in the morning—homeward ho! The Orient! The Orient! The monster moved, and soon fair Columbia, the proudest land of modern material glory and most warm-hearted souls, vanished from sight. And as I looked to the other side for a glimpse of the Orient, lo, all was blue water!

(To be continued.)

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA.

HE THAT seeketh even after the gods of the flesh is ever in quest of the attributes of that god of flesh and as these attributes are never permanent, lo, that one who seeketh after it is ever restless and of unstable mind to himself and to others, and knoweth not peace nor the seclusion that the peace-owner ever hath within his radius. But he that searcheth after the God that is the Soul, he findeth a haven within that which is permanent, and, therefore, partaketh of permanency, for, list—the curse of the seeker of the god of flesh is unsatisfied search, but the blessing of spiritual hunger is its unsatisfaction, for in one the unsatisfaction is restless, in the other its unsatisfaction is coming closer to the permanent.



The mind of man is a play-ground even for the senses or for the soul. But he that alloweth the senses to play upon it unrestricted by the eternal laws of the soul, lo, he doth of himself walk to destruction, and with so fast a gait that he is even aghast at the quickness of his running. But he that alloweth the soul to play thereon, he findeth that it soon turneth that play-ground of the mind into a field of its own fertility, and the play-ground is expanded to such vastness that it links itself unto that pervading essence which is the all and of which the individual soul is but a diminutive parcel, for there is no separate and individual soul. All is soul, but man can only cognize that much as he in his miniature law can grasp.



As the seed of the father vivifies the egg of the mother, and the union of both holds within itself even the completed child which again becomes the mother and father of races, so the thought of love, coupled with the desire for truth, bringeth to being within the heart of man even the heaven and all that in that heaven existeth. And what is heaven but the understanding of the laws of life, and what are the laws of life but the unraveling of the universe, and what is the unraveling of the universe but the search after that spark of life which hath quickened the man to seek the woman and which has produced the child, and which is but another phase of the breath of God—desire blown into the heart of man by the Creator to become even a creator like unto Himself.



Unbuild your fleshly body and thereby build your love-structure and so ever build your God-nature. By this the man of flesh ceaseth to hanker with the flesh-senses but hankereth with the spirit throbs, and that leadeth even to the grasping of the spirit-sense even at the God-desires which fulfilled the whole man. But the man is then the fixed "I" that hath become stayed even upon the pedestal whereon he was placed even before the revolvings of the without attracted him from the within.

AT THE ANTIPODES.

BY MAUD JOHNSON.

TO BE transplanted in the space of two months from the heart of an American city to the outskirts of an Indian village, is to find oneself in as great bewilderment of mind as would be experienced by a savage from the wilds of Africa, who found himself suddenly set down in the heart of New York City.

True, there are no ground or mid-air railroads to confuse one, no sudden toot toot of a speeding auto to awaken one from pleasant reveries, no shrieking, puffing motor-cycle to make you wish you were safe on some house-top; but there are other noises and silences, too, that mystify and confuse, confuse simply because of the unaccustomed ear. The chirping of the birds, the cawing of crows, the howl of the jackals, these are all things that may be heard in the country places of any clime, but here in India are sounds that can be heard nowhere but in India.

To be awakened in the morning by the blowing of conch-shells and the chanting of hymns, to hear the ringing of bells, the beating of drums, the clang of the cymbals at all hours of the day, to see the little boys driving the cattle to pasture chanting most heartily some sacred song, to hear the man singing a song of praise to his Lord while he drives his ox-cart slowly to the city, to see the merchant sitting on the floor in the midst of his wares and solemnly chanting a prayer while he accompanies himself on a vina—a sort of guitar—or to see the householder, directly his duties are finished, sitting before his house in full view of the public and reading aloud from the Shastras and then to fall asleep again at night while listening to the chants and hymns of distant voices—all this can be done only in India. Truly, India lives in her Soul.

As America is the land of material prosperity and push, so India is the home of religion and repose. The Antipodes, surely. It would rather startle the average American mind to think that a whole town will quit work and suspend business in order to welcome a holy man. Yet this is what happened when our beloved Baba visited Rajahmundry on his journey from Madras to Calcutta. With bands and banners he was accorded a welcome such as might be given some great political leader in the West. Surely, religion is the national business of India.

There are other things in which India presents a striking contrast to the West—a contrast which shows very plainly the different viewpoint of life. For instance, the houses here and the grounds surrounding them are fitted for the use of the owner; in America everything is arranged for show. The Indian home is arranged for seclusion, the American home for display. In the West the house is placed far back on spacious grounds, a bare open lawn reaches from sidewalk to porch with possibly a few clustered trees on the side. All this that my neighbour may see and envy me for what I possess. Even the inside of the house is too often fitted up as a show room rather than for use and comfort.

In the East it is different. The grounds are surrounded by a high stone fence, then, lest the curious eye of the passerby should see through some niche or crevice, a thick row of trees is planted just inside and from thence to the house one passes along paths that lead through a jungle of trees and bushes and creeping vines. When at last we reach the house we find it again protected by latticed windows and doors and again within this we find a more secluded apartment, a holy of holies, into which the stranger may never look. Here are the women of the Hindoo home, the priestesses of the Hindoo household. And why all this seclusion and privacy? That the fires on the altar of religion may be kept burning, that the faith of their fathers may be kept alive, that the spark of God-consciousness in every soul may be kept aflame and that every heart may enjoy the quiet and peace that is man's divine heritage. Such is the Hindoo Home.

And what do we see in all this? The Western eye looks without, the Eastern eye within. The West lives to please man. The East lives to please God.

THE VESPER OF INDIA.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

TWILIGHT FELL upon the lane. Twilight veiling the flame of a dying sun into the faint pink of a new blown rose; twilight issued into being by thousands of voices chanting the Vesper or Arati hymns; twilight called out of the womb of night as a soft Grace of the day that is done and a blessing on the night that is to be. None can describe the vague loveliness of an Indian twilight. Like a gray caress it envelopes the world, mantelling it with its ephemeral blaze and leaving its kiss on the breast of earth and in the heart of man. Silently and swiftly it comes, like a thought of mystery that halts but for a little, then vanishes to leave its lure of the unknown unsatisfied in the soul of man. With its coming, thousands of voices in low, monotonous strains float upon the air, rising and falling as the pulse-beats of Nature's own great heart; voices, deep and solemn as a distant bell; voices, soft and sweet as a night bird's call; voices, high and shrill as a boy at play; voices, glad and young, sad and mellow and voices brooding full of revery all swelling into one great harmonious hymn of praise to God who made the day and God who holds the night in His hands. From their homes, men in white flowing wrappings, with water-bowl and rosaries in hand hurry forth to the temples where the ceremony of adoration takes place at close of day. Women, with babes astride their hips and heads bowed, move swiftly along with the crowd. Children with reverent wonder in their eyes mingle with their elders.

Following these people we are led to the different houses to the shrines at which a priest is engaged in performing the Vesper or

Arati ceremony. Entering the outer gate of one of these we come to an outer court, then into a second and lastly into one at the end of which a door opens into a room in which the shrine of a God, the special God or Goddess which that household worships, is placed, a throne which like the God is bedecked with ornaments of more or less value. During worship drums are beaten and other instruments are played, incense is burned and the priest is ringing a brass bell in one hand and waving a light, especially prepared of clarified butter, in the other before the image. Then the garlands are thrown about the neck and the graced food, which had been placed at the feet of the image and which has been accepted and blessed by the God, is distributed among the devotees. Prostrations by man, woman and child in full length before the image are made and the Arati is over. All silent are the worshippers now and they slip into the night which the twilight heralded a little while ago. Swiftly they move along, gliding in and out of the shadows like ghosts. They are filled with the worship of Arati. The moon gleams like silver above them and their homes, humble and luxuriant alike, open wide their arms to receive them out of the blackness of the night.

Men who at this hour have doffed their clothes of English cut for the soft swathings of linen and silk of their own native attire; men who during the day have been in the thick of worldly strife and have faced the rocks and shoals of gold-making; lawyers, barristers, doctors, editors, men who are at the head of their profession, men who are leaders in the world of thought, professors whose learning has made them sages among their own—these shoulder to shoulder with the merchant, the banker, together with the clerk, who earns a mere pittance, the hungry vendor, the small shop-keeper, the ox-driver, the owner of a cow or horse, all at this hour make for one destination with one object in view, and that is one of the many temples, either private or public, to worship their God. Women, old and young, mothers, sisters, daughters and wives, some bent and old, others strong and straight as the palm under which she swings her lithe limbs with babe astride her hip and eyes bent on the ground, all move swiftly along with the crowd.

TRUTH IS THE SAME.

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Creep gently, O Truth, to the door of my heart,
 Bid selfhood lay low; bid world-thought depart.
 Bid passion and pain that surge high and swell
 Bow low its dark head 'neath the calm of thy spell.
 Mount boldly, O Truth, to the vaults of my soul,
 Let thoughts of the Godhood alone be my goal,
 Let chants of thy vespers forever proclaim,
 Though change is in all, Truth is ever the same.

R. R. A.

STORIES OF INDIA.

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON.

THE CHELA AND THE GANGES.

"It cannot be, Gooroo, that you will go on this pilgrimage without me. To live here for four years without seeing you or hearing your voice or serving you is impossible. I should die for the want of your presence, you, who have been my first thought each day and the last each night through all these years. O Gooroo! take me with you; let me serve you on this journey, I beg of you."

The young Chela looked pleadingly up into the eyes of the holy man who stood before him with kindly concern, as he answered:

"My son, it cannot be. This pilgrimage I am about to take, I must take alone. It is not meet that I should have one to serve me; rather, do I go forth to serve such holy ones as I may meet on this my journey, where, from all parts of the country, the holiest congregate to make obeisance at the shrines of our Lord that exist at the four corners of this blessed land. So, come my child, let me press you to my heart. Be of good cheer, and soon the twenty-four seasons shall have passed and I shall be with you again, and you shall serve me as of old—you, the fondest body servant and most devoted Chela that ever graced the days of your Gooroo."

The boy, wild-eyed and despairing, answered him:

"But what shall I do when I no longer serve you, O my Master? The days shall be empty. Each morning I shall look in vain at the bathers in the Ganges to find you and care for you. My hands shall be idle because you are not there to need me, and my heart shall cry out in its void, because of your absence. So, Gooroo, whom I have loved all these years, leave me not alone, but take me with you on this journey."

The Gooroo paused a moment, realizing within his heart that the boy in his absorbent devotion had become so accustomed to his personality and the welfare of his person that the parting would be a real pain and disaster to the lad, unless some device were concocted by which his attention might be turned during his absence. So, drawing the boy to him, he said:

"Listen, my son. You wish to serve me, do you not? Well, serve Mother Ganga. That shall be my body. For look you, this Ganga, as you know, comes from the Land of Love. We are taught by the Scriptures that it is the Divine Energy of Vishnoo, the Preserver of Mankind Himself—the energy with which he vivifies, sustains and preserves his creatures in all his worlds. According to the needs of each plane, straight from his Lotus Feet it comes, a pure spiritual light, feeding the spiritual planes with its potency. It comes down through realm after realm, supplying each with the energy that it seeks, until, coming to us, the earth plane, it there strikes the material atmosphere and the light becomes thickened by the materiality of the air and its vibrations, and turns into a liquid light

which, in its descent toward the ground, loses its radiance and by the time it touches the belt where man walks and works, lo, it becomes water, and we know it as the Ganga, the Blessed Ganga, the energy of Vishnoo, which, by its potency, sustains and preserves mankind. So see, look thus upon its beauty and know why it is called the Holy Water. Look thus upon its clearness and know why man comes to bathe in its purity. Look upon it, and see how, in his bounty, Vishnoo hath sent it flowing through our lands, so that the land has become the most fruitful in the known world. A paradise it is, a land of luxuriant growth, a land of surpassing beauty. Now, my Chela, you know it is also written that the Gooroo, he that teaches the Word of God to the searcher, he that maketh the mysteries of the Vedas clear unto the student, he that leadeth the baby steps of the Chela unto the Lotus Feet of the Lord, he, too, is called the Energy of God. So, do you look upon the Ganga, and see in it the body of me, your Gooroo. Look upon it as you would upon me. Think of it as the Divine Energy of Vishnoo, which I, in a measure, try to represent by preserving the God-consciousness in the Soul of man. Do this and you shall not miss me. And now, Vishnoo be with you and bless you, my boy."

The Gooroo turned and walked away, while the Chela gazed across the Ganges with great reverence in his face. Then he saluted the mighty stream, and followed the Gooroo into the hut. Each morning, from that day, before the sun awoke all the skies to glory, the Chela stood on the banks of the Ganges in prayerful attitude, now scattering flowers upon its fast flowing breast, now making obeisances unto it, until the older Chelas of the departed Gooroo deemed him a little mad. But they said nothing until they noticed that the boy never bathed in the Ganges as was the custom. They took him to task, saying:

"Why do you not go for a holy bath as you used to, and as we are supposed to do three times a day at prayer? Little good your offerings of flowers to the Ganga will do you, when you neglect the bathing in its waters, for which purpose all devotees of Vishnoo live on its banks, and which is part of our devotion."

But the youth said nothing, only gazed on the Ganges with deeper reverence, and became more concentrated on the river. The jeers of his fellow Chelas disturbed him not, as three times a day he worshipped its rushing waters.

So the glad rainy season followed the fevered drought season, and the fruitful one followed the rainy one. Four times they frowned and smiled, greeted and gave abundance to the land, and the time was for the Gooroo, who had gone on the pilgrimage, to return. On a night when the moon was big with silver and all the earth reflected its white glow, he appeared at the door of his home. His heart was throbbing with joy to look upon his dear ones again, and his face made calm and beautiful by the thoughts and experiences he had gathered on his long journey to the four corners of the land.

The next morning the river Ganges was merry with much rejoicing because of his return. The Chelas gathered about the Gooroo, and were exceedingly happy because of his sojourn in their midst. But on the banks stood a wide-eyed youth, gazing on the quick flowing waters of the Ganges with reverent air, and holding in his arms the dry garments for the Gooroo, who called to him as of old, "Come, my boy, bring me now my garments. I have finished my bath and wait for my clothing. Come quick."

The boy heard, and, as if in a dream, moved toward the water. But as he neared the first wave he drew back as if glued to the land.

"My boy, come. You were ever fond of waiting upon me, so be quick now, and bring my garments."

But the boy moved not, and a laugh came from the other Chelas who stood in the Ganges with the Gooroo and heard all the Gooroo had commanded, and saw the boy's hesitation to enter the sacred river, and spoke thus:

"Said we not so, O Gooroo, that he has been mad these four years? He has stood on the banks of the Ganges worshipping it but never taking a bath therein as you have taught us. Hour after hour he spends gazing upon it as if he saw upon its breast what we see not, and heard from its rushing what we hear not. This boy is really mad, O Gooroo!"

But the Gooroo, as if seeing through the madness of the lad, commanded very sternly the silent boy on the bank of the river, "Bring me my garments at once."

The young face flushed and a great cry rose in his heart, for there stood his Gooroo calling him, and he must obey. And there flowed the waters of the Ganges, the Ganges that for four years he had loved and worshipped as his Gooroo. The body of his fleshly Gooroo awaited his service and, to reach that body, he must tread upon the body of the Ganges, whom for twenty-four seasons he had called Gooroo, and worshipped as one. How could he? Gooroo to him was holy. To disobey the word of his Gooroo was sin. To tread upon the holy body of the Ganges, the Ganges his Gooroo, was a greater sin. And as he waited the cry came again, "I await you, my son."

So with closed eyes and tense face, stepping as if in a dream, the boy walked into the sobbing, swishing waters. And lo, all saw that which caused them to marvel and they hid their heads because of the wonder of it! For, as the feet of the boy touched the surface of the water, under that foot rose a lotus, strong, shining, beautiful, and held that foot above the Ganges' flow. And thus he walked the whole distance, to where his Gooroo awaited him, not on the Ganges' waters, but on a trail of full-blown lotus flowers, each awakened to life to hold the feet of the boy with such reverence for Gooroo and the Ganges that he worshipped as Gooroo, who, to him, was the divine medium between himself and Vishnoo.

And all who looked upon the Chela prostrated themselves before him and his Gooroo clasped him in his arms and said:

"Blessed are you, my boy, who by your holy concentration and reverent worship, have drawn even a miracle from the very heart of Vishnoo, so that even the Ganga became thy servant and manifested its Divinity in the flowers on its bosom, thus honoring your sentiment and making potent the promise that, 'In whatever form you worship me, in that form shall I appear.' You dreaded to tread upon the breast of the Ganga, even as you would dread to tread upon the body of me, your Gooroo. Now the Ganga has even protected you against this dread, by giving to you a path of Lotus Lilies, the gift of its own breast, to walk upon, so that you need not know the pain of treading upon the bosom of its waters."

THE GOOROO.

BY ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

I did not know—I could not realize
That I was part in all the Ocean-Soul,
Till with his staff he touched my blinded eyes,
And then I saw the truth; for they were whole.

I did not know my own soul's potency
To penetrate all things—below, above;
A part and power in all Infinity,
Eterne with Him whose name is Perfect Love.

Down from the topmost bough, he, of the Shining Eyes,
Called, where I slept at the base of Life's Tree:
"Come up, O sluggish one; break through thy shell, and rise;
Soar to the ether blue—*know thou art free!*"

Oh! know ye not that I carry in the palm of my hand, in the Heart of my Heart, all mankind—nay, all worldkind? Will ye not know that all I have created is even like unto Me perfect and cannot be burdensome?
—From "*Krishna*" by *Baba Bharati*.

List! Because thou art now in the arms of Love I shall make for thee a grove of palms and olive, bread and date, and where thou art, even in the city of strife and turmoil and sin, yet thou shalt walk even in the groves that I have made for thee. And thou shalt hear the plaintive call of the night bird and the heart-song of the winged creatures, whose hearts burst with love and joy in their caroling.—From "*Krishna*" by *Baba Bharati*.

JIM

An Anglo-Indian Romance Founded on Real Facts

BY BABA BHARATI.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Jim, an English regimental officer of India, has lost his way in a jungle while hunting. He meets a yogi whom he threatens to shoot, at the latter's refusal to give him a drink of water. On aiming, he finds himself suddenly rooted to the spot by the eyes of the yogi. Wonder taking place of anger, he drops his gun and is advised by the yogi to look behind him. He sees a lake where before was a forest of trees. Quenching his thirst, he retreats only to see the lake disappear once more.

Turning to the side of the yogi, Jim experienced a strange spiritual awakening and becomes possessed of a determination to follow the holy one as a disciple. The yogi discouraged this project and Jim returns to the world, his wife and child only to gain his wife's consent and rejoin the yogi.

By some mysterious thought process the yogi has anticipated this step and provided a disciple to escort Jim to his monastery in the jungle where Jim was to meet him.

The science of Gooroo and disciple in relation to God and man is borne in upon him, and the veil which hangs between the universe and its laws, the soul and the senses, is lifted, and for a little Jim views Eternity.

On the night of Jim's departure from home Elizabeth, all unconscious of his fight, has a perplexing dream and ere she has time to recover fully from its effects, a letter is brought to her from Jim telling her of the step he has taken, bidding her return to her mother and advising her of his plans for the future.

A year or so later finds Jim undergoing the most difficult ordeal known to the Yoga practice—the fiery ordeal, or purification by fire and sun. Then he sets out on a tour round India by the command of his gooroo.

Jim and his companion reach Benares and enter the heart of its spirituality. He meets there one of the yogi's householder disciples. Here too a letter from his wife reaches him. Jim is confounded by a problem. Whence came this letter and how came Lizzie, his wife, to know of his whereabouts?

CHAPTER XXX.

JIM READ the few lines of the message over and over again mechanically, for it seemed as if the message belonged to another world. As if it was a message of somebody to somebody with both of whom he had no relations. And then it seemed an aeon old, some lifeless message of a world that is dead, a world that has become a forgotten dream. So that dream-world message he read over and over mechanically. But bye and bye the abstract non-interest formed within his mind a vague question. "Lizzie, Lizzie—Who is this Lizzie? Why, Lizzie is my wife. Whose wife? My wife? Yes, my wife. Have I a wife? Yes, Lizzie is my wife. Yes, Lizzie is my wife."

Then his mind was abstraction again. He was finding he was bereft of a brain to think the matter over. He mechanically folded the letter and wanted to think, but he could hardly form a thought. There seemed to be no motive for thought. Lizzie was all right. Lizzie was his wife. That was all right too. Lizzie had written a letter—to whom? To Jim. "Who is Jim? Why I am Jim—am, or was. What an idiot I am. I am Jim? Yes, I am Jim. Am I Jim now? Yes, I am. What an idiot I am!"

Abstraction again. The question gathered body and the body gathered strength and demanded an answer—a concrete answer. "If Lizzie is my wife and I am Jim, her husband—oh yes, I am her husband. Husband—what then? Why she has sent a message to me. What message?" He opened the letter and read again:

"My heart's own Jim,—Your Lizzie is all right, don't ever worry about it."

"She says she is all right and tells me not to worry about her. She is all right. Was she not so before? If so, why does she tell me not to worry about her? Where is she? Who is—I think I am getting insane. I can't make out this message of my wife, my wife Lizzie. If Lizzie is my wife, where did I see her last? Great God, have mercy on me!"

He was in distress. The abstraction of his mentality distressed him. He felt he could weep. He covered his face with his hands and tried to weep. Weep for what? the question came. Weep for Lizzie, was the answer, Lizzie he had left behind. "Where, where, where—oh where, where did I leave Lizzie? In the barracks, in the barracks. I was a regimental officer, I was Captain Lawrence. Oh yes, I see it all. But see—what?"

Abstraction again. To fish up the past—such vaguest dream to him—almost killed him. He had to find brain first to function thought—yes, function thought, thought of another realm he had known in a past life where this Lizzie existed and was his wife.

"Let me see," he said to himself. "But Lizzie was my wife of this life, was't she? Yes, yes, what an idiot I am. Let me see. I left her in that barrack home to—to—why, to study with—with the yogi. Yes, I did and—and, why, let me see. Yes, yes, I promised her that I would return in six months. Yes, six months. How long was that? Let me see, let me see. Oh, it seems an age, quite an age, What month is this, what year? I don't know, I seem to be in eternity. But it seems I have left her a far longer time than six months. And I had said I would return in six months and I have forgotten her all this time. I am under a spell, the spell of the Infinite! Let me see, what more does the message say:

"Go on, great soul, with your glorious work. Your Lizzie has the warmest sympathy for you and Johnny joins her in sending her eternal love—Lizzie."

"Here, here, I have a son, Johnny, my darling boy, Johnny. Well—"

He gave up the thought for a moment, gave up the solution of the problem, for he lacked the instrument by which to solve it—brain. The vague memories of Lizzie which he had just recovered were not the work of his brain. They just floated up themselves on the surface of the mind. They were more intuitions than thoughts, the flotsam and jetsam of his past life's ship wrecked on the Rock of Ages on the ocean of Eternity. Had he really lost his brain? he asked himself. He meditated on it deeply for a minute and slowly the answer came: "Yes you have, and have not." It was as a voice speaking from within his own mind. But before he could think and determine what it was, it went on:

"You have no brain now to function your thoughts through. The brain is the physical machine through which the mind and intellect materialize their functionings in an unspiritual man. But the spiritual man, the man who has been blessed with soul-consciousness, does not need the physical organ to function thought. Through him thoughts and ideas flash themselves without the aid of a brain. You have a brain still, a healthy, vigorous brain. But you have far mightier and more powerful organs of which your brain was but a poor instrument. You have an ensouled mind and intellect."

Jim found in this inner message a flood of new illumination and his mind drifted into enjoying it. He forgot Lizzie and her letter, forgot all about the promise and just rejoiced at the wonderful new concepts.

"How wonderful," said he to himself, "what wonderful facts are these, unknown to the modern conceited asses who call themselves Western savants. They say it is a state of brain-hypnosis, that spiritual awakening in man is nothing but the brain being under an hypnotic spell. My own case gives the lie to such idiotic assumptions. Here I am trying to resuscitate my past life and fail to do it because my mind having lived for a long time upon spiritual thoughts has lost hold of things physical. Hence my past physical life has vanished from its ken, and yet when my mind ponders upon it intensely, two points float up before it. Now let me see. I think all the facts about Lizzie and Johnny are coming trooping up in my memory. Yes, yes, I see, I see. I kept Lizzie, my darling wife, in the barracks promising to return in six months. I promised her also, I remember, that I would write her the first chance I had. That chance never came. My glorious Gooroo wiped out all my past memories and I was merged in joy ecstatic all this time. And yet I feel for my darling Lizzie. I love her more now than I ever did before. My love to her then was of the heart, a very selfish heart, But now that I remember her I love her with all my soul. My angel Lizzie, I adore you more now than I ever adored you. Your unselfish love, my darling, I appreciate and realize more now, by the grace of my Gooroo, than I did before when I did not know love myself and had therefore no power to cognize it in others. And what a great, grand soul you are, my wonderful wife. Though I have broken all my pledges to you these long, long months you have loved me all the more and sent me a cheering message to encourage me. You are greater than I, Lizzie, for now I see you are a born saint and your love for me was the love of a saintly heart, an ensouled heart, a love that knows not its sacrifices, that rejoices to surrender all its treasures for the mere joy of it. Lizzie, Lizzie, angel Lizzie, thou goddess on earth, thou—"

And Jim could not restrain the tears that welled up from his heart. He covered his face with his hands and wept in all the abandon of his whole-souled appreciation of his worthy wife.

As he was weeping, Shant Das touched his arm and asked in all concern, "What is the matter, friend?" After a moment Jim answered without uncovering his face, "Why ask? You know all."

"Do you want to see her?" Shant Das asked again in sympathetic tenderness, "she is here in the city."

"No, no," almost shouted Jim as he stood up. "No, no," he repeated, "take me away from here, take me back to the jungles, this very moment, my brother, my Gooroo, take me away somewhere in the mountains you spoke of the other day."

"To Hurdwar?"

"Yes to Hurdwar, to the holy Himalayas."

"Yes, Hurdwar, the Gate of Hari. I will take you there. Do you want to go there now?"

"Yes, this very moment, brother, if it pleases you to oblige your little brother."

"Take up your kamandal," said Shant Das as he took up his own water bowl and blanket. In a few seconds they were crossing the courtyard. The son of their host came up and asked them, "Where are you going, holy ones?" But before Shant Das opened his lips to answer, Girish Babu said to him, "Don't ask a

saint, my boy, where he is going. A saint's will is free as the heaven's air. Let us take the blessings of their feet."

So saying, both father and son prostrated themselves at full length while the holy ones symbolizing their hands in blessing and saying, "Krishna Kripa ho," passed out of the house.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was the Kumbh Melâ in Hurdwâr, the Gate of God—at the foothills of the Himalayas. It has been the seat of saints and yogis, ancient and modern, for ever and ever. Its soil has been sanctified and filled with holiest vibrations of countless millions of holy men sitting in devout meditation of God. It is the Gate of Spiritual mystery, the Lion Gate of the holy Himalayas whose breast is bedecked with unnumbered hermitages and monasteries and whose caves hide absorbed trances of the highest yogis. Here, at Hurdwâr, commences the Holy Road of Holy Roads up to the highest peaks of the snowy ranges, to Kailash, the seat of Shiva, and, aye, to the Divine Stairs to Heaven. Here you find the Ganges, as she comes down the hills to the plains in mighty rush, in her transparent sacredness.

Here, at Hurdwâr, is the holiest of Ganges-bath, and here was fixed this time the holding of the Congress of Religions and Religionists, called the Kumbh Melâ, the Parliament of Saints of all shades and sects which has been holding its session every twelfth year throughout the ages under the most auspicious conjunction of stars. Here were congregated a million of men and women, ardent lovers of God and piety, to cleanse their sins, by daily dips in the Ganges and association of holy men. Miles and miles on both sides of the sacred river were covered with sheds and huts of twigs and brambles and moving masses of humanity whose minds were fixed on one idea and whose hearts were in tune with the one thought of God. It was the depth of winter and the protection from the inclemency of the weather in these twig holes was almost nominal, but the mentality of the pilgrims, fired by their heart and soul's devotion, kept their flesh warm enough not to think of the cold of the material plane.

Jim and Shant Dâs were among these pilgrims. They had arrived at the Melâ the night before and found quarters among some very highly advanced ascetics who were their Gooroo-bhais—spiritual brothers, disciples of their own Gooroo. They were about a dozen in number, but every day there were new arrivals. There were other thatches near about which housed other disciples of the yogi; in some ascetics, in others householders. They had heard that the yogi would visit them one day and they were counting each hour for his arrival.

To them the sight of the Gooroo was greater than the Ganges, to feast their eyes on his face and person was of greater merit than the merits of the whole Melâ. Jim was in a daze from the time he had entered the grounds of the congress. He was in a reverie of strange experiences. He did not know where he was, whether on earth or in heaven. Such a vast concourse of pious people at one spot, filled with a religious enthusiasm such as no other race of men is blessed with—an enthusiasm as calm as it was fervent—Jim had never heard or dreamed of. And the light of real piety, goodwill and love shone on each face, a light that seemed a blessing to the looker-on. And the Ganges seemed to Jim such spirit-like liquid, such sacred water that he did not know what to call it. It

seemed heavenly. And when he touched it and drank handfuls of it, it was to him like nectar—so light, so clear, so sweet, so cool he could never imagine. Then when he took his first bath in the Ganges at Hurdwar he was almost entranced. Looking at the other bathers, crowds of massed thousands on both sides of the river, men and women and saints and yogis, all full of a fervency of spirit which only the soul of India could fill one with he thought he was in some dreamland or in some long-ago age when humanity had all divinity in it. Finding him in such a thoughtful mood Shant Das called out to him,

"Wake up, you dreaming fool," he shouted laughing, "wake up and talk with these people who have come to see you."

Jim started and turned smilingly to his friend and said "Thank you for waking me, thank you very much—I did not know where I was—who are these people, brother?"

"They are Sadhoos of very high degree," said Shant Das. They have come to see you—you, a Sahib turned into a *kālā ādmī*. Now this saint is proposing to take us early in the morning to see the Achal Samādhi, a blessed sight which falls to the lot of one in a million of saints."

"Achal Samadhi? What is it?"

"It is something more to be seen than described. Well, if we are lucky enough to find the place and view it, this life is very, very fortunate. There is surprise in store for you and I will have to take good care to prevent you from fainting when it comes. Now, come with us and see the wonders of this Mela. It is the grandest thing in all the world; it has been so throughout the ages—aye, it has endured the ages. Come."

They all rose and went out of the twig-shed to view the Mela. The Government had taken charge of arranging for the sanitation and comforts of the pilgrims, and the holy city of twig, bramble and reed was squared into blocks with roads, streets and lanes along which men and women moved in dense multitudes. It was hard to make headway through the crowds without the aid of elbows, and Jim and his companions had to do it all the way till they reached the river's edge where, just then at noon, the bathing was in its fullest swing. A Broadway had been constructed along which the various sects of ascetics in batches of hundreds and thousands, in orderly lines, marched to the river for bath. The police lined the road and flanked the regiments of saints, while spectators—householder pilgrims and visitors—viewed the wonderful procession from both sides.

Each sect of saints had its distinctive kind of dress and marks on the forehead by which they are known, without introduction, to the world. They were Sanyasis, Dandees and Abadhoots, Shivaite and Vashnava. There were Vaishnavas of the five main schools as well as those of their sub-divisions. Then there were members of new sects, and many great Gooroos of newer sects with their hundreds of followers. Then there were Shaivas of many sects and Shāktas—worshippers of Durga and Kali. Some had turbans, others had long, dust-reddened matted locks, long or short, others had their heads and faces entirely shaven. Then there were women, nuns and yoginies of different denominations, clothed in saffron or white saris. Then there were Aghories and other low orders of sects who were also there to have the auspicious bath in the holiest of waters at the holiest of spots. Last, not least, there were the

Nāgās, the all-naked saints who were the protectors of all sects of saints and who live the most austere life of all the ascetics. Even the British Government, with its false idea of civilization and artificial notions of decency, could not compel them to cover themselves and therefore allowed them to march, "clothed in air" as it is called in Hindoo parlance, in regiments of thousands, to the bath.

These Nāgās formed the greatest attraction and excited the most peculiar interest. As they walked along, with steady steps, oblivious of their stark nakedness, their faces wearing the most profound aspect on which softly played a calm light of peace, and which shone from out the background of their roan-colored matted locks that either descended down to almost the back of their knees or were coiled up over their head, the spectators looked on them with bated breath. And the wonder of wonder was that they could not associate in their minds anything indecent in regard to their nudity. They all seemed to be Nature's own men, men who, though aged, looked like innocent babes bereft of all ideas of sin and the material world. There was stamped upon their countenance renunciation in all its abandon from which all who witnessed it begged a blessing. Their inner consciousness seemed to be seedless from which all seeds of karma were burnt by the fire of their austere devotion to God.

Jim witnessed the whole procession, in bewildered wonderment. Shant Das was explaining to him the creed of each sect of Sadhoo as they marched past, but Jim was not in a mood of study. He just enjoyed the scene to him undreamed of before, a scene which needed no explanation, a scene which was his greatest good fortune to feast his eyes on. It took about three hours for the procession to end, and when it had ended he did not know. He was still standing where he stood, with his eyes fixed in the same attitude he had while it lasted, as if he was still seeing the same sight. He was almost numb with the vibrations which he had absorbed from the marching saints. At last he closed his eyes and drew a long sigh. Shant Das touched him on the arm: "It is all over. Now come and follow me."

Jim turned and followed, mechanically. As he walked, thoughts began to troop into his mind in which a minute ago there were none. The currents which these regiments of spiritual magnets had waved over to him had driven out all thoughts, and there was nothing but feeling within him, feeling of overpowering reverence. "Even while enjoying this rare joyousness" cried he within his heart, "I cannot help calling these white barbarians in whose flesh I was born the greatest fools in all creation. They lord over this God's own blessed country with an iron hand only for gathering its material wealth and never think of getting even a little of its spiritual treasures. If they did, they would illumine the Western world with the light of its wisdom and will be worshipped by the other races and nations of white barbarians. Here in India they live among gods. What are these Hindoos but gods in consciousness, and what is a god but one who is filled with godliness. Even a householder Hindoo is godly in the extreme compared with an Englishman. Religion is the chief business and goal of a Hindoo's life, but the belly is the God and woman is the goddess of the Englishman's. These white monkeys, many of them at least, are present in this Mela and what would they say after they have seen the whole fair? Why, they will call these ideally pious people in all the world half-savages, half-civilized. And they are civilized, these white savages whose skins cover the instincts of

the beast who knows nothing but eating, drinking, sense-enjoying and sleeping and—nothing of God, their Maker and the Life of their life. And these white savages send their religious missions to these most religious people in the world, in charge of missionaries who are only fit to sit at the feet of the lowest caste Hindoo to learn a little of spiritual devotion. These Christian missionaries, who know so little of the Christ they preach, denounce the Hindoo's God in his very face. And what does the Hindoo do? He shows the truest Christian spirit by only smiling a smile of pity. It is the missionary who is at the root of the whole evil of white snobs treating these divine Hindoos as an inferior people by calling them heathens. They propagate a thousand lies about them at home to get funds for the mission which provides him with a snug appointment whose material comforts he cares for more than the Christ he comes over here to preach. Bah! Such impudence, such impertinence is only possible in a country whose Christian spirit no so-called Christian ever had. Ah, here he is—the man I am thinking about—in front of me."

And there he us—the Christian missionary, in an open place preaching his Gospel in broken Hindustani to a curious crowd which was applauding his tomfool sentiments and remarks about their religion by shouting "Rām Kaho, sahib"—"Say, Ram, O Sir." The missionary acted as if he did not understand the merry joke they had at his cost, but in true martyr-style he went on haranguing the crowd about their insane devotion to false gods and worse reverence to the Ganges which is nothing but a river. "Yeh badmash ko Gangā mẽ āsnān karai deo, bhai, to usko hoon al jaigā"—"Make this rascal have a bath in the Ganges, brother, so that he may come to his senses."

Jim heard the sermon and the jeers for a little time, and, unable to bear the scene any longer, strode up to the man of the Cross and shook him by the shoulder.

"Who are you?" demanded the missionary angrily. "Just a man—for a word" said Jim.

(To be continued.)

BABA BHARATI IN MADRAS.

A SPIRITED ADDRESS.

(Madras Mail.)

IT IS REFRESHING in these days when much political claptrap finds utterance on public platforms and in the Indian Press, to read a speech, spirited and outspoken, and yet with clear insight into the realities, like that delivered by Swami Baba Premanand Bharati, at Pachaiyappa's Hall yesterday. The Swami, like the late Swami Vivekananda, has travelled and lived a good deal abroad, in England and America chiefly, and he takes a saner view of the possibilities of Indian nationalism than the Extremists in this country. It is not often we find a speaker in this country browbeating his audience; but the Swami was able yesterday, without much trouble, to preserve order and compel attention from the unsympathetic section of his hearers.—*Editorial.*

Swami Baba Premanand Bharati, a Bengali Sanyasi who arrived recently with five lady disciples and one gentleman from America, delivered a spirited address on "My Mission Abroad" yesterday evening to a very large gathering of Hindus who filled Pachaiyappa's Hall to its full capacity. Among those present were Dewan Bahadur P. Rajaratna Moodelliar, C. I. E., Mr. V. Krishnaswamy Iyer,

Mr. N. Subba Rao Pantulu, Mr. H. Bheemasena Rao, and Mr. Arthur Davies. Professor M. Rangachariar presided.

Proceedings opened with a *Sankirtan*, in which the Swami and his American disciples took part.

The Swami, who was received with loud cheers and shouts of *Vande Mataram*, delivered his address, in the course of which he referred to the spirituality of his countryman as a precious possession which they should cherish for all time to come. He pointed out that while with the Hindu religion entered into every concern of his daily life, with the average Westerner it was not so. The latter was given to thinking of his material wants more than of his religion. He entered a powerful protest against educated Hindus becoming denationalised and showing a fondness for everything English; and exhorted his countryman to be Hindus in their religious, domestic and social life and in all their wonderful institutions. There was no need for regeneration among them, for they had not become degenerated. He found in his mission abroad, that India was the one land of freedom, of independence, and the one land which possessed an aristocracy of intellect and spirituality.

Politics.

Referring to politics, he said :—Do not be too much filled with political ideas. I am not a political man and shall never be. I hate politics because it is a Pariah side of life. I am a Brahmin and a hermit, and have nothing to do with politics. In our country, religion is the mainstay of life; and politics is the outermost expression of material life. You want to be politicians. Where are your politics? You have no politics. You Hindus, you humbug yourselves. You have no politics. All politics have been taken out of your hands by your rulers. You have not the ghost of politics; and upon those phantasies of your political aspirations, you are charging like Don Quixote at the flock sheep, thinking it was the army of his enemies. (Laughter.) It is intensely quixotic your playing at politics. You have been disarmed; you cannot sport a knife or a big stick; and the Government, is armed to the teeth. If you want to play pranks like monkeys against the Government, the temper of the Government is not always even, they will mow you down in a minute. Why should you men burn your fingers playing with the fire of politics and be mowed down like the pests of the earth by British cannon balls? (cheers and laughter.)

Swadeshi.

Referring to the Swadeshi movement the lecturer said :—*Swadeshi* is a God-sent thing—(cheers)—a dispensation in the march of the world's events. When I read of the Swadeshi movement I jumped with joy. One day, however, I was alarmed when I noticed the importation of your political claptrap into the God-sent movement which is to regenerate you in your economic condition, in your material condition, and finally in your spiritual condition. Some of the Extremists made political capital out of it for their political boom. You must not follow them; they are your worst enemies; they are wolves in sheep's clothes. (Cries of "No, no" and hisses from a small section of the audience.) Nothing shall prevent me from saying what I feel. I do not care a straw for your hisses. What is that to me? You hiss me and I go out and forget it. Denationalised imps that you are, you must have respect for elder people. You are no more Hindu than the Chinese are Hebrew. (This quick retort delivered sharply, effectively silenced the noisy dissentients.)

Denationalised Patriots.

The Swami then continued :—Some of these Extremist people love anything British, but do not like the British monopoly of political posts or political privileges. They make themselves believe that they are the true patriots; but these denationalised patriots have no sympathy with your civilisation, think that you are degraded and that you should rise in the scale of nations, that is the phrase. They like everything English; some eat beef, some spurn at everything that we consider holy, yet they want to be your leaders and imperil your position with the Government.

Stick to Swadeshi.

I want you to stick to Swadeshi. Let me say what Swadeshi is. Swadeshi means national ; it is a movement that will protect and foster the interests of the nation in all their phases. Have I put it right? (Voices:—"Yes, yes.") If that be so, be Swadeshi in economics and politics. Do the Hindu people live wholly on the economic plane and political plane? (Voices:—"No, no.") With the Hindu religion comes first. The Hindu lives his ideal domestic life. It has kept him a Hindu. Is it not? (Voices:—"Yes, yes.") The Hindu then lives his social life called caste life, which some of you have learnt to hate. It is your caste that has kept you as Hindus, as a God-people on earth. If you be not Hindus in your soul, if you be not Hindus in your heart, if you be not Hindus in your domestic life and social institutions, then you are humbugs. (Cheers.) Be Swadeshi from the bottom of your heart and soul; you will see this wonderful Swadeshi, that has been sent down by God to you to be used for your material prosperity, for your awakening in social life and domestic life, will become something which is not felt by you to-day. When you become Swadeshi in truth, you can but live and talk Swadeshi and have your being in Swadeshi; you will have everything that is Swadeshi; you will boycott everything that is Videshi. Outside of your poor spiritual heritage, you have got this great misery of poverty brought about by dumping your markets with machine-made cheap goods from abroad, that killed your industrials.

An Irish Parallel.

The Irish fought their political battles in the British Parliament for forty years; they gave up that game and started the Sinn-Fein Movement for reviving everything national, and in thirteen years that yielded results far greater than what had been achieved in forty years of campaigning all round the country and on the floor of the House of Commons. Be Swadeshi spiritually, religiously and in your home life and social life, and in the course of a few years you will see this grow into a huge tree for your distressed people to sit under its shade munching the fruits of this great mango tree of Swadeshi. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Your ancestors by their intense spirituality brought down incarnations of God on earth whenever the interests of our country were at peril and whenever good people were suffering at the hands of tyrants. This spirituality you will find is an instrument of wonderful powers. Only be Swadeshi in spirit; you can put an end to all your grievances; and all your woes will be over.

Leave Government Alone.

Leave Government, if not severely, as much as possible, alone. The Government according to their own instinct are trying to rule you, according to their best light. They have given you freedom, religious freedom. If some of your Extremists get national freedom they will try to abolish the best institutions of your country. (Voices:—"No, no.") Don't talk; hold your tongues. The Government has given to my countrymen peace and religious freedom. Peace is the greatest friend of the Hindu, because the Hindu lives in his religion and soul. When your soul interests are safeguarded by these rulers you ought to be grateful to them. They will give you more privileges by and by. Six hundred years of foreign subjection to us who have lived through millions of years is a mosquito bite for the moment. If you enter into religious consciousness you will find that there are no mosquitos. Out of that religious consciousness will spring a fire which will relieve you of all your woes.

India's National Anthem.

The Swami then resumed his seat amidst loud and prolonged cheers. The Swami and his American disciples next sang the National Anthem [See Page 1 of this Number] composed by one of them.

The song, which is described as "India's National Anthem," made a profound impression on the audience, and steps are being taken to have thousands of copies printed and distributed throughout the presidency. [It has been distributed and there are more copies available from this office.]

With a vote of thanks to the Swami and to the Chairman, the meeting came to a close.

BABA BHARATI.

SAGE, PHILOSOPHER AND HIGH PRIEST OF KRISHNA.

(*Seattle Times.*)

OBSERVATIONS OF BABA BHARATI.

"America need not fear the Hindu peril. But the Japanese peril is very real."

"For centuries we taught you the arts of peace and you called us heathens; then you taught us the art of war and we are civilized."

"The American people, when one stops them in their mad rush, are really very warm-hearted and lovable."

"America is building on a material plane. It is living on the surface; we of the Orient live in the depths."

"Ministers of the gospel want more spirituality. But they would be boycotted if they left the plane of material things."

"America is afflicted with national nervousness."

"Americans go to church as a diversion."

"The Bible is merely a page from the Vedas."

"We, to whom religion is life, wonder how we got along all these thousands of years without your missionaries."

"Christianity is reduced to commerciality."

"The winemaker calls out, 'I have the best wines!' the soapmaker cries, 'My soap is the best!' the minister, 'There is no religion like unto mine!'"

"You condemn Rockefeller because you envy him."

"America has exceeded Paris in luxury and sensuous pleasures."

"Mark Twain is the greatest living writer in the world."

"You have made Rudyard Kipling famous and now you have dropped him cold."

"The Orient will rise and drive the white man forth."

"The Mikado is one of the greatest rulers of modern times."

"America wants to exploit the whole world, but would shut out foreigners from her borders."

"We suffer in the Orient from the white peril—Caucasian aggressiveness and soul-killing civilization."

The big Hill liner Minnesota on its last trip carried to the Orient a party of notable men, including Secretary of War Taft on his way to the Philippines to open the first parliament of the islands; Thomas J. O'Brien, the newly appointed ambassador to Japan; General Edwards, in charge of insular affairs for the American government, and many others, but though not the most conspicuous one of the most interesting of all was Baba Bharati, "Citizen of the Universe," sage and philosopher of India, going back to his native land never to return to the outside world with its material civilization, going back after five years spent in England, France and America, in which time he sowed the seeds which he believes will make for the spiritual advancement of the Western peoples.

Baba Bharati is a journalist—or was in the early days of his career. He was editor-in-chief of the "Lahore Tribune" two decades ago, when Rudyard Kipling was a newspaper writer in Lahore. Then his religious instincts asserted themselves, and for twelve years he became an ascetic, a hermit, living a life of austere simplicity in the most holy of India's holy lands. A vision came to him to visit the Caucasian world. He says his Lord spoke to him. He did not wish to go. For a time he struggled against the command. Then he went forth, and now he regards his work well done. He is happy in the thought of return, yet has learned to love the American people and feels pangs of regret at leaving them forever.

Large of stature, with the prayer cloth of his "Krishna," yellow and inscribed with wondrous words to the Hindu faith, wound around his turban, long raven black curls dropping down about his shoulders, with an eye as clear as Rhenish wine and a face of peculiarly benign mien, yet strong as any painter could limn, combining as it does a certain acquired Western vigor with the acidity and calmness of the Orient—Baba Bharati is a striking figure. He has studied the Occident and its ways, and declares that the aggression, the tremendous conceit and the blindness of the white race are going to bring about the uprising of all Asia—that Asia will be free at last from domination and oppression by foreign hand, and that a new Monroe doctrine will be called into being, and the Orient will be for the Orientals alone.

The Western Coast just now is aroused over the "Hindu Peril," as it is called. Hundreds, even thousands, of Hindus are coming across the Pacific, and the Western states fear a very deluge. So great has been the feeling in some places that the white labourers have driven the dusky invaders out, Bellingham being the most notable example, as the Chinese were sent forth from certain Western cities in early days. But Baba Bharati declares there is no such thing as the "Hindu Peril." It is rather the "Japanese Peril" on this side of the Pacific, or the White Peril on the other side of the ocean.

"The Hindus that come to the American shore are really not Hindus in the common acceptance of the term; rather they are half-Hindus, Sikhs from Upper India, with a different religion and different ideas," said Baba Bharati in an interview at the Hotel Stander just before the Minnesota sailed. He continued: "There is no cause to fear an invasion, for only a few of the Sikhs will come. And they are not an aggressive people. If they find they are not wanted they will not cross the Pacific. There is no cause to fear."

"The Sikh is really the best fighter of all India. For the battles he wins Tommy Atkins gets the credit, but does not deserve it. His execution in fight is double that of the British soldier, yet he does not seek war. British domination in India is a frightful thing. The nation now is helpless. It is disarmed. No man is allowed to carry a big knife even. Luxury is eating out the heart of Tommy Atkins' usefulness."

The Hindu philosopher and sage talked for an hour or more on this Western world we know, his Eastern world, religion, literature, modern conditions, his own life and experiences, his hopes, ambitions, and made predictions of such an amazing nature regarding the future readjustment of relations across the Pacific as to startle any person who thinks on the shadows that portend coming events. In this interview with me he summed up a message he wished to convey in farewell to the America he is leaving.

"It was hard, very hard, for me to leave my native land, but I was called and felt I could not disobey the summons. I first found myself in London. The West, as we in India speak of it, was new to me. I felt lost. All about me was noise and confusion. The heart of the people seemed so far from me. I did not know how to reach it. My despondency made me quail. I wished to hurl myself into the dark waters of the Thames."

"London was no place for me, nor was Paris. I turned to New York. In every direction rushed the people. Up above me, all about me, beneath me roared the cars and traffic."

"If London was unendurable, New York was Hell."

"The 'New York Herald' gave me and my mission a double page, and then followed my first success since leaving my own shore. I was to lecture. Thirty

persons came to hear me. and when I had finished speaking they placed upon the table \$30 in money. I almost wept. Then I explained that a Hindu cannot take coin for sustenance he gives either to the body or the soul. One can travel all through my country without being able to buy cooked food, and spirituality is not for barter and sale either.

"This was merely the mistake of commercialized America. These New Yorkers thought, in their simple way, that money could pay for anything. Yet I found them warm-hearted and altogether lovable, just as all other Americans are. When they can be halted for a few moments in their mad pursuit of gold, they have admirable natures, I find.

"The trouble with America is that it is building on a material plane. It is making tremendous progress in all things material, but we of the Orient understand the spiritual. We live not for today but for all time, and when you forget the soul, as Americans do, you are making a sad mistake. Your modern Christianity is spoiling your Christianity. Your ministers of the gospel want more spirituality. They do not elevate themselves above the level of the visible, material world. Your much vaunted progress counts for naught.

"You look at life on the surface; we of the Orient look at it in its depths, in the cool and quiet places, where there is no turbulence and no mad scramble. America is afflicted with National Nervousness, as I call it. In certain directions you call it Frenzied Finance. I see it in every phase of life. I observe it where you do not suppose it exists.

"In India religion is the chief business of life, all else is subordinate. It is the true anchor of the Hindu. In the morning he arises and after his bath he gives up two hours to spiritual thought and contemplation—at least two hours. Then he looks after needs of his body. All else is subordinate to this reverence for the Creator and those things which typify and represent him.

"Here, you go to church for an hour each week, perhaps, and think the needs of your soul are fulfilled. In fact, you worship through that hour as a sort of diversion—because you are tired of the pursuits and hurry of the six other days. It is a sort of recreation. It means little one way or the other.

"Christianity in its teachings is sublime. I preach Christ as much as I do my Krishna, who represents to me the great Incarnation of God. God is love, as Christ says, and that is all there is to any religion. The Bible, which I respect and love, is merely a page from the Vedas of India. They contain all its truths, and more. But you can see only your own religion. I can see the good of all. When I became an ascetic in India I lost my nationality and became a citizen of the Universe. I love all people. When I was in London, even, I felt a deep interest in the Briton. I did not come to America to thrust my religion upon you. I came to advance spirituality, in whatever form I find it. Yet you send your missionaries to 'convert' us. We cannot help but smile, when we are the very incarnation of religion ourselves. With your religion, which is constantly changing, altering with the currents of new thought, you seek to rejuvenate us, who are fastened to the great deep truths of the universe; truths which know no mutation. We wonder how we ever got along without the helping hand of the new world missionaries all these thousands of years. But the truths did come out not long ago, and now we know why your missionaries do come to visit us. Some one close to your richest men declared that missionaries are the best trade getters. There again your commercialism!

"The wine-maker calls out 'I have the best wines!' the soap-maker calls out, 'My soap is the best!' the minister, 'There is no religion like unto mine!' It is pitiful. Christianity is reduced to Commerciality."

Thinking Baba Bharati would undoubtedly condemn this richest man in America, I asked him for his opinion of the King of Standard Oil.

"It is envy more than anything else that makes the average American condemn Rockefeller," he answered. "He thinks that Rockefeller has some of the millions that he himself should have.

"The principal thought of Americans is to accumulate enough money to eat and play in their advancing years. That's about all they really want money for, just to eat and play with, but when they get started to heaping up the golden coins they cannot stop.

"Please do not think that I am severe with Americans. I do not mean to be, but I cannot help observing how they contrast with us of the Far East. The Americans will lead all the white races in spirituality, in the time to come. I went to England and found the English too self-satisfied and snugly contented with themselves.

"In France frivolity and pleasure suffice for religion. America, with her quickness to take up an idea and follow it to the end, the very extreme, has exceeded and gone beyond Paris in luxury and sensuous pleasures. Your millionaires have thrown money about with an unparalleled lavishness. But there is an under-current of the turning. It is that I noticed the first thing in America, and sought to take advantage of it.

"But Americans yet are children from the spiritual point of view. Your minister who taught only spirituality would be boycotted.

"I know your literature and I love it. What is there finer in language than Irving? Mark Twain is the greatest living writer in the world. His 'Following the Equator' is a wonderful book. Through his works, in his humour, there runs that thread of spirituality that places him high among the great men of letters.

"Rudyard Kipling, whom I used to know well in India, has too affected a style. You Americans made him famous, and you have dropped him cold. We, in India, laugh at his pictures of Hindu life. They are so absurd.

"I have letters from Count Leo Tolstoy offering co-operation in my work. He is another of the world's great men.

"But to turn to another phase of modern conditions: You, in your materialistic progress have given the Orient implements of destruction, while through all the ages we gave you naught but peace. These weapons of warfare the Oriental, impersonated by the Japanese, turned upon the Russian, and the result was a war, the like of which is unknown in history—not a single reverse for the men of Nippon. Those same Japanese, with reawakened China even greater than Japan, and India at the back of both, are going to show the world a conflict that will make all others pale in comparison.

"The Orient will rise and drive the white man forth. This will happen in a very few years. By 1915 this conflict will be well under way. This is my own prophecy, but I find that Lafcadio Hearn made virtually the same forecast some years ago. It is the White Peril from which we suffer in the Orient—Caucasian aggressiveness and soul-killing civilization.

"America wants to exploit the whole world, but would shut out foreigners from her borders. Is it not likely that foreign nations will retaliate? And then what answer can America make?

"The Mikado is one of the greatest rulers any nation has produced in modern times. When, ten years before the war with Russia, Japan was deprived of the fruits of her victory over China by the European powers, the Mikado said nothing, but complied with apparently good grace. Then he quietly prepared to punish Russia as the most hated of those powers.

"Future events will come about in this way: President Roosevelt will suggest to Japan that an exclusion treaty be signed preventing Japanese of the lower classes from entering America. This will not meet with favor on the other side of the Pacific, but a storm will arise here which will force through congress some sort of an exclusive measure. "The Mikado will still hold his peace, but soon after he will frame a mess age to be sent to Washington, reading something like this:

"'You have found it necessary for the protection of your working classes to exclude Japanese from your borders. After careful consideration we find that our country will be benefited by the exclusion of American trade, and a decree is hereby promulgated.'

"What could America do but accede, at least for the time? Yet, how could such a condition continue? The great conflict is coming, and while I hate to think of it, while I regret that peace cannot always prevail, still, the people of many countries will be benefited.

"This seems a harsh prophecy to make upon leaving America for all time, but it is something neither you nor I can control. It is the inevitable. Good-bye!"

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This book is written in an open, liberal style, free of all technicalities—very different from other Hindu works; it is designed more for the general reader, and contains no obscure phrases, nor does it enter into any of the rationale or drill for the attainment of powers; the great pervading spirit being that of pure devotion. . . . The main value of this work is to endue the reader with its sweet spirit of love.

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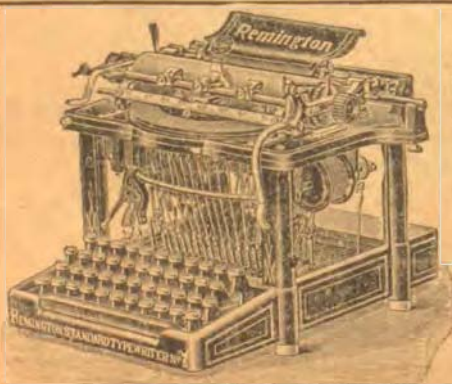
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